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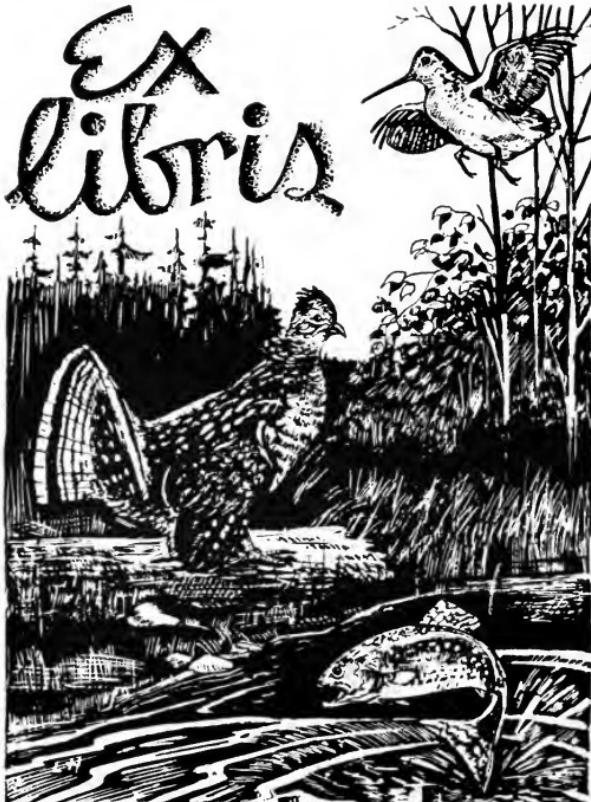


THE
MY BOY
and
THE BASS

Richard S. Sturz

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Don Horter

ME—
MY BOY—
and—
THE BASS



BY
RICHARD SYLVESTER
of
GAME AND FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA



Illustrations by
C. K. BERRYMAN



A Book for the Boy and for the Father of the Boy

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BY

RICHARD SYLVESTER

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DEDICATION

These lessons, rhymes and misfits were prompted by experience within the basin of the beautiful Potomac River, which, with its magnificent and attractive tributaries, drains the wonderful Blue Ridge Mountains.

This effort is dedicated to my piscatorial friend

WALTER S. HARBAN

and his fellow associates

of the

Blue Ridge Rod and Gun Club:

Each and every one of whom is a hunter or a fisherman, and, all of whom have done much to preserve the beauties of the Potomac.

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My Boy and the Bass



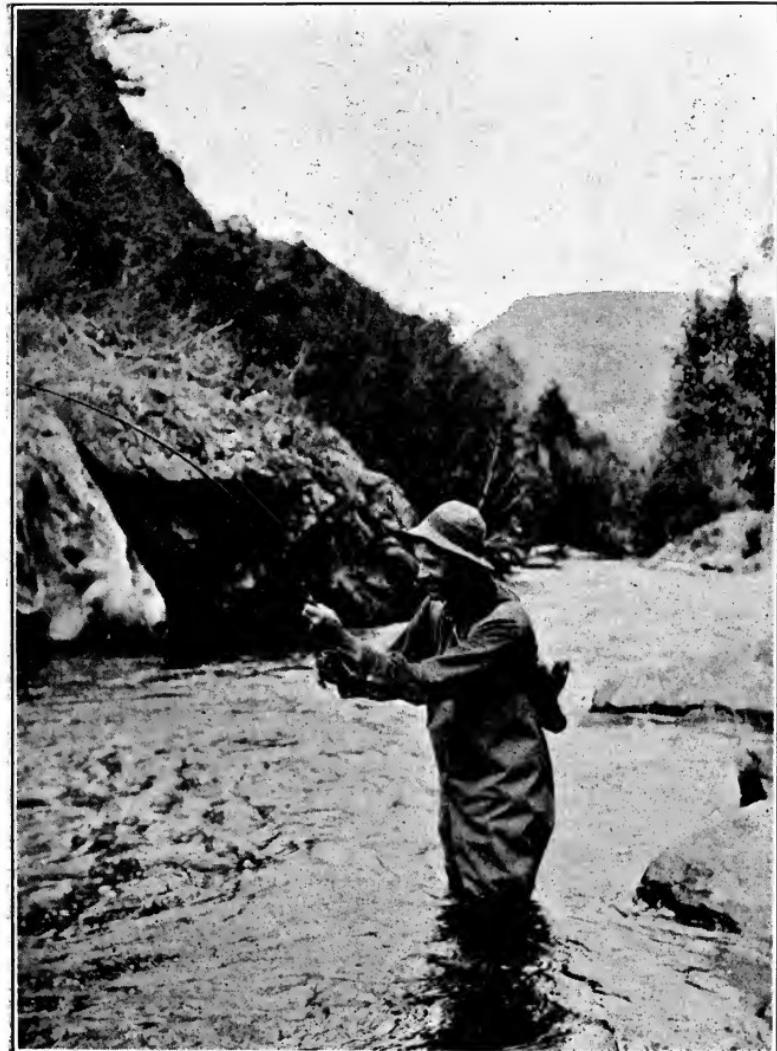
INTRODUCTORY.

My son, according to well-known authorities, fishing with rod, hook and line was first undertaken immediately following the flood. It was common pastime in the Trojan age and prevailed in the time of the Romans.

Several hundred years ago the jointed rod, wooden reels, and home-made lines were used by those devoted to the art of angling. There were not so many enthusiasts then as now, our ancient friends having among them the humanitarians who decried the killing of fish. As the world progressed and man became broader in his ideas and students of the art gave out the virtues which it possessed in book form, the devotees became more numerous. As their number increased and the interest in angling became more intense, it was established that long life, pleasure and skill, followed its indulgence, and improvements in the implements employed were manifest. In this advanced age, when the individual is inclined to live at a rapid pace, endeavoring to do in a day what was formerly accomplished in a month, the exhaustion, nervous depression and impaired condition physically which follow, prompt him to seek for that relief which will rejuvenate. The desire to shun the crowded city, to drive away business cares, to play wth nature in her simplicity, has, in fact, enlisted a mighty army of anglers. They camp by the river, lake, or sea, and include men, women and children. The mother of invention has provided material alike for the use of those skilled in the art and the novice who "fishes for

fun." Rods of many kinds are available, and the clock-like mechanism of the modern reel makes some of them luxuries to own. Experts provide fish hooks of wonderful strength, beauty and finish. Lines are braided from the poorest linen to the costliest silk, and even baits which would deceive the trained eye are manufactured.

If you would grow up a strong, courageous, intelligent, generous, honest man, I invite your earnest attention to the few simple lessons bound within this little volume. They may include some things which will afford you comfort to that end.



Isaak Walton



DE CLICKIN' OB DE REEL

I's hear'd de bullfrog bellow,
De fatty 'possum squeal,
But dat's no music like unto
De clickin' ob de reel.
I's hear'd de locus' singin',
De Kildeer's noisy peal,
But dat don't wake de heart up
Like de clickin' ob de reel.
I's hea'd de farm bell ringin'
De call fer fiel' han's meal,
But dat don't have no 'traction
Like de clickin' ob de reel.
I's hear'd de fox houn barkin'—
He'd scent de rabbit's heel,
But dat wer' mighty dullness
'Gin de clickin' ob de reel.
Is yer eber bin aboatin'
In de ship widout de keel,
And seen de rod abendin'
To de clickin' ob de reel?
De trow dey call de "castin'",
En when dey strike ye's feel
De line she go a sizzin'
To de clickin' ob de reel.
Ye begin ter wind 'er in den
Wid all ye's nigga zeal,
Fer ye's like ter cotch'd a bass
Wid de clickin' ob de reel.
From ebery nook en corner,
Natur's mel'dies roun' me steal—
But non' ob dem ain' in it
Wid de clickin' ob de reel.

RICHARD SYLVESTER, 1905.





Clicking of the Reel



ME, MY BOY AND THE BASS.

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THE upper Potomac and its tributaries flow through deep gorges and mountain passes, sandy and rock bottom alternating. My son and I were happily located near the confluence of the former river and the Shenandoah. Rocky walls standing almost perpendicular, with lofty layers and rugged croppings on the surface—all the result of some great convulsion of nature, on the faces of which were pictured fantastic designs bearing the names ascribed to them by the natives of the locality, hemmed in the clear, swift and sparkling waters of these two streams. The former presented a dark blue tint the color of the sky, the latter a greenish hue caused by the reflection of the verdure which grew along the upper mountain sides. Innumerable rocks and boulders lifted their heads above the surface of these waters, the romance of the picture broken by artificial dams and runways which harassed the power of the streams for milling purposes. Along in the fifties, so the legend goes, a locomotive engineer transported several thousand small-mouthed black bass in the tank of the engine tender to the head waters of the Potomac, and there gave them their freedom. These multiplied, increased in numbers to thousands more, coupled with time, caused them to develop not only in size but in extreme viciousness as well.

Nowhere in the world can there be found a fish which possesses the fighting qualities, the gameness,

the brilliant marking and delicious flavor of the small-mouthed black bass of the Potomac and its tributaries. No such perfect development of this species has been attained elsewhere by those engaged in the study and propagation of fish, though one or two writers give the large-mouthed black bass credit for possessing the same attributes under similar environments.

Yearly the government contributes a new supply of miniatures to these rivers which have so roundly proved and proclaimed themselves as the best adapted of all others for the propagation of the most perfect specimen of fish for the sportsman and the epicure.

The small-mouthed specimens inhabit these upper streams, while below the falls in the Potomac River, on south below Mount Vernon, the large-mouthed variety are captured in great numbers, but they are sluggish as compared with the variety with the small mouth, are not as desirable food, and do not demand that skilled attention of the gentleman who handles the rod while being taken into captivity. Actual experience prompted me to explain this contrast to my son and to teach him the several "points of the compass" regarding the small-mouthed bass, that he might readily distinguish the same. I took occasion to locate for him the dorsal fin on the back, pectoral fin on the side, ventral fin at the rear of the breast, anal fin underneath, the caudal fin at the extreme of the tail, cheek behind the eye, snout, breast, and lateral line, and to inform him of the readily distinguished features in the smaller mouth of the gamiest species —their characteristics are striking; that the small-mouthed is slender, the larger deeper through, a heavier fish for its length; that on the latter may be

counted from sixty-five to seventy scales along the lateral line between head and tail, while from seventy to eighty are inclined in the same distance on the smaller subject. Between the dorsal fin and lateral line but eight horizontal lines of scales are included in the larger fish, eleven in the other. The scales on the breast of the upper river fish are smaller than those of the lower, and the rays of the spinous portion of the dorsal are higher and more even than on the large-mouthed. The small-mouthed bass is not always black, but the color changes according to the shade of the water, condition of the weather and extent of the field wherein the fish may domicile. I gave it to my son as a fact that while these things were known, the more the small-mouthed bass was studied the less was known about it, for no rules laid down for finding the fish, how and when it will take a bait, what will be its color and appearance, have, as a general proposition, held good. Here is where one may exert his patience, science and skill to ascertain a knowledge that no other fellow possesses. Every boy and man will have his own distinct experiences, and yet Benjamin Franklin is attributed with having said that fishing consists of a rod and line with a bait on one end and a fool on the other.

THE FIRST LESSON.

The rising sun was just breaking the outlines of Maryland Heights, a moderate mountain breeze fanned the leaves of the trees and the blades of grass glistened with the early morning dew. The hammock I occupied was actively manipulated by my ten year old son, who was equally brisk and energetic with his tongue

in propounding questions. While thus engaged, the old wooden gate, which furnished the only entrance and egress through a picket fence surrounding several acres of lawn, swung to with a bang which attracted our attention and a handsome specimen of young manhood appeared, carrying a grip and bait bucket in one hand and a fishing rod in the other. He was quick of action and wore a look of pleasant anticipation, a "new arrival" at our mountain inn. He nodded and smiled a cheerful "fine morning," and sought out the landlord to secure board and lodgings. As he disappeared my boy remarked, "another fisherman." "Yes," said I, "and when you see a fellow come through the gate with a fishing rod over his shoulder, always remember there's something good in him." "Why do you say that, father," came from my son? It would not do to fail of response to such a question. All boys ask them, and should do so, for it is in that wise they become informed, and the answers given by older persons should always be accurate, clear and satisfactory. Misleading information given to an inquisitive boy in the earlier days may result in embarrassments, if not discouragement, later in life. "Well," said I, "the study of nature is the primary incentive for action in the field of the true fisherman, and when I say fisherman I do not mean the man who plows the sea or draws the ^{sea} to replenish the stalls of the market or fishers of men, but that individual who for pleasure, recreation and general improvement wades the mountain stream, crosses fallen trees, scrambles through briars, pulls a boat on the open river, investigates as to depth, clearness and temperature of water, predicts the weather, experiments with different bait, judges hooks, reel and rod, learns the

haunts and species of fish, their habits and seasons, who believes and practices in their propagation and growth and who does not endeavor to capture them all at one sitting. The fisherman thus inclined must find contentment in the music of the water, joy in the warbling of the birds, beauty in the coloring of the leaves, grandeur in the rocks, rest in roaming through the woods, refreshment in the trickling spring, delight in all about him. Trials, tribulations and burdens incident to the hours of daily labor must be forgotten. His mind must be in the abstract, the air that he breathes pure, the food consumed be plain and his bed rugged and one whereon he must early to rest and early to rise. While the average fisherman may not embrace all these qualities or enjoy all these gratifying experiences, the majority of them do, and if so, there follows some good in them. My son, the tendency of the age is to excess in everything, but the chances for it in this direction are fewer than in any other. Athletic exercise should not be depreciated, but to believe that padded pants, a wind bag and broken collar bones are essential as part and parcel of a college education cannot be argued to a correct solution. The old astronomer teaching geometry once said, when the pupil was in fault, "You may put such ideas in a basket and they will all leak through." Golf is commendable sport, but when contest for supremacy involves great expenditures of time, money and wager, it must in a measure detract from the simplicity which involves all the real values in out door recreation. I do not wish to be misunderstood. The game itself is clean elevating and helpful, builds the physical man, and, as a general proposition, the participants are loth to indulge to that extent which demoralizes,

but it is readily susceptible of being carried about the circuit professionally. Baseball is the American game, but during the past score of years it has been placed on the stage with all the embellishments, settings and accompaniments which draw large audiences, transform the contests from friendly matches to money-making affairs with high-priced actors managed by financial syndicates. Men skilled in twirling the sphere, with muzzles to save their noses and spiked shoes for leg security, have reduced the sport to mechanical perfection. The aim of the school boy who is enthusiastic about the game is to become a professional tosser. As a result the participant is inclined to excess, wagers wax warm, and shattered heads and fingers as well as bats become prominent features. Foot-ball embraces all the characteristics which lead to over indulgence and risk. I do not mean in that sense which detracts from the moral standing of those who make up the teams, but the rushes carry with them injuries which at once make the undertaking hazardous. Fractured jaws, legs and heads, demanding the attendance and attention of corps of well-trained doctors and efficient nurses and comfortable ambulances are interesting accompaniments of this delicate pastime. The anxious mother with a son on the college team is frequently in evidence. The ambitious boy, whose desires run to foot-ball, as a usual thing makes life a burden for those nearest and dearest to him, and who are disposed to the belief that a diploma must depend upon his ability to tackle.

The pool room should not be reckoned with as a proper place to gain what some fathers believe are accomplishments. To be sure, skill is required to make plays which win, but it is far better to acquire such

skill after the boy has become a man than to expose him to the influences which predominate about the average pool room in our towns and cities. The summer gardens and country clubs, with their many alluring attractions, profit from the patronage of the boys, but the round table and dancing pavilion belong to both, and the company and amusements which charm the patrons are not always of the kind which tend to long life and prosperity. The boy in the city has opportunities of this kind which, it is to be regretted, are far too numerous, inviting and accessible. Such indulgence does not develop the mind or the muscle.

The world is full of enticing pleasures for the boy which should not be fostered by his patronage, because his body will be dwarfed and his mind retarded thereby. It is the disposition of boys to concentrate. Association is their natural bend. This should not be discouraged, but when it follows older heads should throw around those safeguards which will maintain the higher principles and influences. Nature provides for these when the boys would 'a fishing go.' Now, my son, take the grub-pick and a tin can, go into the stable yard, raise an old log or a board, where the ground is black and moist, dig a couple of dozen red angle worms and then return and I will prepare to go with you to the river."





Fishing for Henry-Small-Mouthed.



DISAPPOINTMENT.

Dat pick, dat spade,
Dem he consult,
Dat can, dat worm,
Dem am result.
Dat rod, dat reel,
Dem bes' he wish,
Dat hook, dat line,
Dem he did fish.
Dat s^war, dat walk,
Den he did took,
Dat grub, dat sleep,
Wid ugly look.

THE SECOND LESSON

My son, it does not add to a fisherman's luck or ability if he attires himself in a fishing suit, although there are people who will tell you that clothing made after the coloring of the rocks and trees is not liable to attract the attention of the bass. The hunting jacket, with pockets for everything, facilitates the pleasure, but does not necessarily add to success. Those who would, prefer knee breeches and stockings, and for the feet have laced shoes with hobnails in the soles, or cloth-topped shoes, which lace tightly, fitted with rubber soles to prevent slipping. As to head gear, a cap or felt hat is to be preferred, or for boat fishing the best adapted is a cambric hat with broad brim, green lined for protection to the eyes and which folds up for the pocket. Woolen goods should be worn in the shape of a shirt and a belt is preferable to suspenders, it allowing freedom of action and relief for the shoulders.

There are many kinds of rods, and while there are those who will tell you of the wonderful catches made by the plain country people on common poles cut for the day, these fishermen lose as many bass as they catch. The bass must have some leeway and elasticity in order to turn and take the bait, therefore a rod without guides and a line to run from a reel, is not the most desirable. There are many varieties of rods manufactured and there are fishermen who are adepts in their construction. The bamboo is most generally used. It is made short, long, stiff or elastic, and is perhaps the most delicate in workmanship. It is usually made of three joints, with a fourth or extra tip for use in case a tip is broken. The lancewood

rod is employed by many fishermen and is similarly arranged as to joints, guides and tips as the bamboo. These rods are employed by experts as they afford that opportunity for delicate work which cannot be realized or accomplished by any other. For shore fishing a long rod is required, measuring from nine to ten feet, while in fishing from a boat a much shorter rod should be employed. This opinion is ventured from the stand-point of bait fishing for bass. The modern rod for boat fishing is made of steel with three joints, trumpet guides and agate tip. Its length should not be over seven feet and great care should be exercised in observing that it is of proper weight and balance and not too elastic. The steel rod should at all times be kept well cleaned and dry and the joints be oiled before and after use. Of reels there are many makes and patterns, skillful mechanics exercising wonderful ability in the construction of the parts. There are reels in use which possess the intricacy and delicacy of a good watch,—every part hand made, with the capacity of multiplying many times in taking or giving out the line. These reels have drags and clicks, some on the side, others in front, for the purpose of regulating the lines and giving alarms. In casting the line from a reel, the effort should be made with the right arm and over-running or back wind of the line should be prevented by the right thumb. Every fisherman has his own peculiar method of casting, however, and practice alone will establish proficiency,—which is made up in distance and accuracy. Reels may be bought for a small price or a high figure. A reel should always be kept in good condition by rubbing, oiling and tightening of rivets and screws. A dark silk braided line, from seventy-five to one hundred

yards in length, is proper for use in Potomac bass fishing. Besides a good rod, reel and line, an assortment of hooks should be included in the well equipped outfit, and there is no question but what a four or six foot leader gives live bait a freedom for play which adds to its alluring features. A double nought hook with dark snood, for spring and summer, and a three nought hook for fall fishing in the small-mottled black bass waters, are favorites. Above all things, next to frequently replenishing your live bait with running water, my son, give close attention to the care of your rod, reel, line and hooks. Keep them clean and dry when not in use. After a day's sport oil rods and reels, and expose your line from pillar to post until all moisture is gone. Carry your hooks neatly arranged in a pocketbook, where they will be readily accessible and where they may be quickly replaced. Have a separate place for your leaders. In arranging your rod for work first join the tip and second joint, being careful to align the guides, then join to the butt or handle. It is a safe rule to carry your rod over your shoulder, otherwise you may break your tips. See to it that you have a stringer or two in your pocket, and string the fish through both the lower and upper lips. A pair of pincers, water-proof box of matches, thread and bottle of witch-hazel are good things to carry on a trip. If you carry baits in a bucket, have it so large as to give them plenty of room to move about. If helgamite or worms you use, a tin box with punctured tight-closing lid is convenient to carry them in. All these things you have. Well, you are duly prepared for business and we will get in a good night's rest and take an early start for the river in the morning.



Yon Can't Hood Wink Me.



THEY ARE BITING.

Git dem tings a' ready,
Fer we's gwine ter take er trip,
Dey am bitin'.
Be'n workin' mighty ste'dy,
Ter cotch 'em in der lip,
Dey am bitin'.
Ye's can take no seat,
All owin' to der heat,
Dey am bitin'.
Golly we 'ill fetch 'em,
See da how we catch 'em,
Dey am bitin'.
What? M'SKEETERS!





I Had A Great Many Bites—Tumulty.



ME, MY BOY AND BAIT.

MY SON returned in a short time, his broad-brimmed straw sitting on the back of his head. The perspiration rolled down his rosy cheeks—their color somewhat marred here and there by the barn-yard dirt which formed diminutive puddles about the dimples in his chin where the small rivulets of perspiration came in contact with it. Said he, “I’ve got a can of angle worms here, supposin’ you wanted to catch chubs for bait.” “Yes,” said I, “worms are good for chubs, but in this latitude where the sun shines warm and swift running water races over thousands of loose rocks,—you find plenty of helgamites which afford a better bait for chubs and a very good morsel for bass.” My son crossed his legs and began a discussion of the bait question. I had to enter into a full explanation. “The helgamite,” I explained, “is an insect varying in length from a quarter to three inches, with a pair of pincers for defense. It is made up of a succession of joints with a rim or collar immediately back of the head, and a body gradually diminishing in size to the tip of the tail which is pointed. He moves rapidly upon small crawlers and is very evasive of the light. The proper manner to handle the little subject is to pick it up just back of the head between the thumb and the forefinger, and to bait with it the hook is passed directly under the collar. The easiest way to capture this kind of bait is to take a yard of mosquito netting

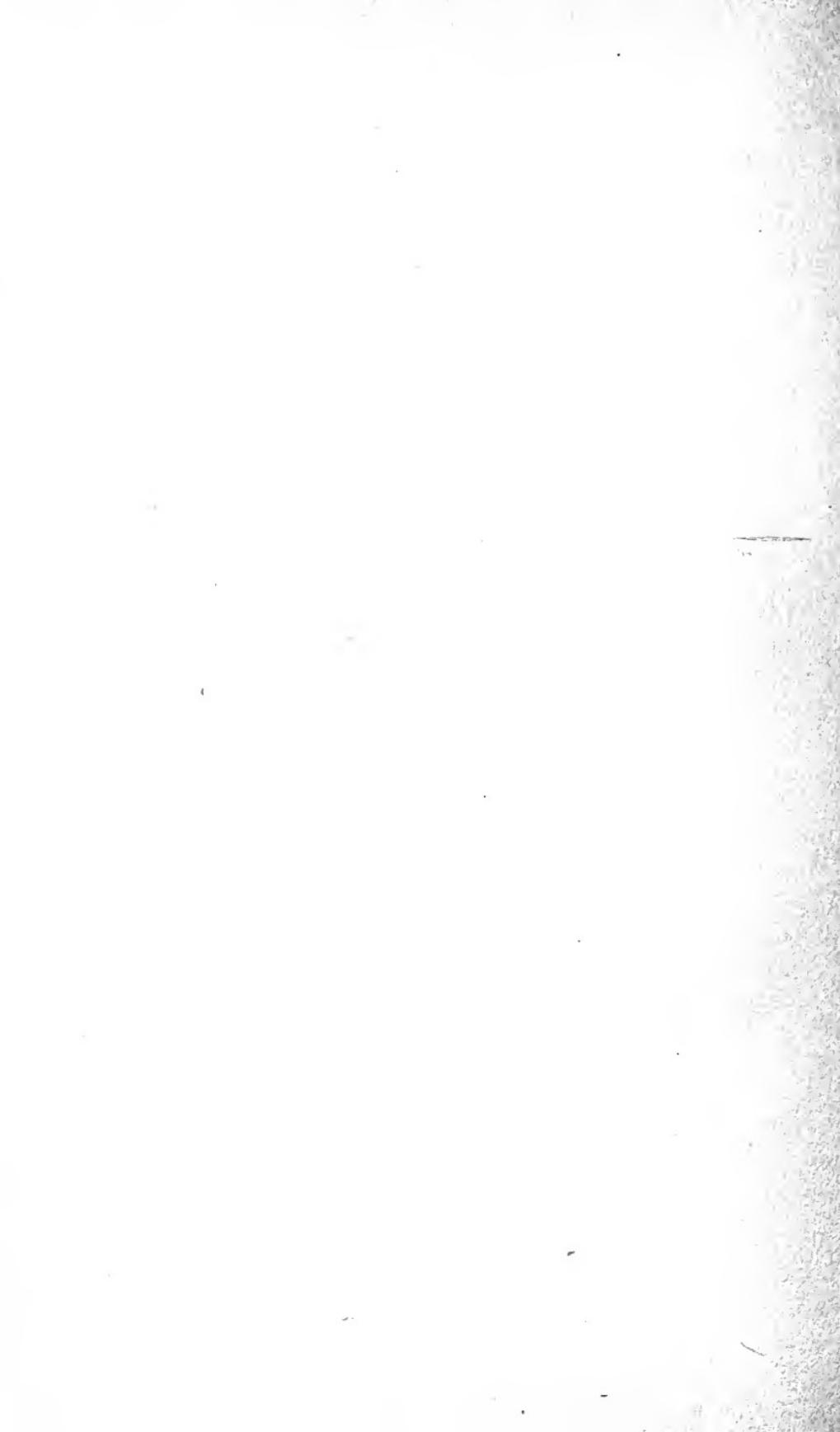
and sew either end about a broom stick, the net stretched between the two sticks, the handles of the latter serving as such. With the net stretched the full length, one party places it into shallow swift water below a large well-planted rock, which a second person displaces. The rapidly washing current conveys sand, mud, and helgamites, which usually rest underneath the stone, into the net which is quickly raised and the captured insects are taken from the meshes to which they adhere. When the weather is clear and the water warm the helgamite makes an excellent bait for bass, but it should always be alive and kicking and not allowed to remain on the bottom of the stream, as it will make for the rocks or rubbish and hide itself securely. The idea is to keep it moving by using a line with a very light sinker, if any, while, if conditions are good, it can be used for casting as with the fly. The best all-around live bait for the Potomac bass is the chub, a small scale fish, keen of vision, and as wild and difficult to capture as the brook trout. At the shade of a rod or shadow of a moving figure the chub will dart away or under the stones. This pretty and hardy little fish makes upstream usually in the morning or evening in shallow, rippling, swift water, hence the name "Swift Water Chub." An expert with a short elastic rod, thread line with small shot sinker and the most diminutive hook made, a joint of helgamite or piece of worm for bait, will catch a dozen chubs in a short time. Great caution must be practiced to hook them. The bait should be moved from place to place, just beneath the surface of the swift rippling water—the sportsman being quick to snag the fish when it strikes at the hook. The chub is long-lived and very active,

and is an excellent bait for bass at any season of the year. Minnows are used by most of the Potomac River fisherman because they are plentiful. They are usually caught with the old-time bow net, fed with corn meal or dough, attached to the end of a long pole. They do not survive captivity any length of time and easily succumb to the piercing of the hook. When used they should be run through the tail. The smelt are taken in large numbers in the lower Potomac and transported by rail in buckets for bass fishing. They perish rapidly, requiring frequent replenishing of water to keep them from dying, although if a piece of ice is allowed to melt slowly and drip into a bucket it tends to keep up the supply of oxygen and maintains the fish alive. There are buckets made with air pumps attached for reviving this delicate bait, but they are not a general success. In the fall of the year the sand toad, which comes forth in great numbers on sandy bottoms after sundown, makes an excellent bait for the still fisherman. That is the individual who sits on a rock and waits for a strike. The toad must be weighted with a sinker in order to keep it beneath the water. There are periods when the river is clear and low and fly fishing may be had, but opportunities for this kind of sport are not many and it is not readily taken^{to} by the younger class of fisherman of the Potomac. The man who casts has generally abandoned the spoon with its gang hooks. It is regarded as unfair and unsportsmanlike. The single hook and spoon are used to some extent. The most modern device invented by the man who casts, is made from fat pork, the rind of the pork furnishing the outside of a bait cut in the shape of a minnow, the eyes and fins being marked thereon in ink. A small

puncture is made through that part intended for the head of the bait, where the hook is inserted. This is thrown with great effect by the enthusiastic wielder of the rod and some creditable catches have followed its use."

My son listened attentively to what I had to explain regarding bait for the bass, which he amusingly said reminded him of the experiences of Uncle Scott Lightner, who always had a hard time getting bait. On one occasion the latter had gone fishing with a bucket of toads for bait. He had waited and watched the greater part of a long hot day for the bass to strike, but was not rewarded by any captures. Taking a board from a farmer's fence, Uncle Scott drove four nails into it, to each of which he fastened a fish line two feet long. On the end of each line he tied a hook and baited them separately with toads. Placing the board thus prepared into his boat, he pulled out into the middle of the broad part of the river and put it overboard to float down stream, expecting surely that each toad-baited hook would have a bass on it when the board had floated down a couple of miles. Uncle Scott then proceeded far below the point of starting and waited until nearly dark, when, tired and discouraged, he rowed the boat out to meet the floating board with its lines, hooks and fish. Instead of finding a bass on each hook as anticipated, as he approached the object of his genius he spied the four little toads, with hooks and lines attached, all sitting up on the raft happily and contentedly floating down the placid river. With the light heart and gentle nature that belongs to the true fisherman, Uncle Scott laughed heartily at the funny sight which met his gaze, and in the face of

disappointment hastily beat a retreat for home. My son wondered how it was that so good a fisherman as Uncle Scott should have forgotten to place sinkers on those short lines to keep the toads from taking passage on the upper deck of the plank. While the boy's story was laughable as it was true, it was not half as serious as another experience had by Uncle Scott some weeks afterwards, which my son fully appreciated. Uncle Scott is a charitable, christian gentleman and frequently enjoys himself when fishing at the expense of others by ridiculing the younger enthusiasts, so one day the boys determined to have some real fun with him. He started out with rod, reel, bucket, and a sandwich, for an afternoon's bass fishing. After much difficult wading and climbing he found himself on a large rock in the middle of *the river,* and when ready for a bait picked up an old canteen, which was represented to contain a choice selection of helgamites. Uncle Scott methodically took off his coat and hat and laid them gently aside on the rock, preparing his rod and line for action, and when ready for a bait picked up the old canteen to extract one for his hook. He pulled out the stopper, shook the vessel a minute, when, to his horror, an army of vicious yellow jackets flew out of the muzzle of the receptacle, and alighting on his head and hands made him dance to his heart's content on that lone rock in the middle of the river. Though somewhat worn and excited, with several respectable swellings as a reminder of his experience with the new bait the boys had provided, he ha-ha-ed at the practical joke and carried it home with him that evening as the most enjoyable part of the afternoon's trip.





I Will Bait My Appetite—Stellwagen.



WAIT AND WAIT.

E'se guine down de ribber
 To try en git some bait
And fro dis line o'board,
 En wait, en wait, en wait.
E'se guine to tie the boat loos,
 And straddle cros de sete,
Den fro de line en hook out,
 En wait, en wait, en wait.
De cat fish, he gis nibble,
 Den run at libely gait,
Dis nigga den 'll pull 'em
 En wait, en wait, en wait.
Jis den de line am en dar,
 De hook it hab no freight,
Dat fish, he laf en stay dar,
 En wait, en wait, en wait.
Dis Nigga's feelin bad den,
 En go home very straight,
For eas'r ter get der chicken-hen,
 Den wait, en wait, en wait.

PATIENCE AND BAIT.

THE rising sun induced us to move a few feet further under the shade of the locust for continued discussion. "My son, you take that can of worms and hide it under the steps and we'll use them for catching chubs in the morning. The other sun is now high up in the heavens and bass don't bite well after nine o'clock, during August. We'll postpone going to the river until tomorrow, and arrange our equipment." These words I addressed to the boy and they fell heavily upon his high hopes and anticipations. He didn't care for the heat and was quite willing to test the theory that the bass ceased biting after a certain hour. He was obedient however and after depositing his can of worms according to instructions, returned to find consolation in talking more about bait.

I began to realize that my son was undergoing a disappointment and so proceeded to impress upon him the fact that poor success attends any undertaking incomplete in preparation and understanding. That as we journeyed through life our way would be made rugged by greater or less obstacles and that the obstructions would be fewer if they were clearly understood as we proceeded. I endeavored to have him comprehend that patience is a great virtue which is more firmly impressed by the gentle art of fishing and preparing for it than in any other way. When it was explained that the instructions and information

advanced regarding bait was not only intended in that light but also to serve as a lesson in patience and to realize the monotony of the study, it was happily and fully appreciated. It was important too that my son should become enlightened as to the truthfulness or falsity of fish stories, and to this end I explained that they were generally told in a spirit of fun, to be accepted with many grains of allowance. That there were fish stories that were true and fish stories that were never intended to be accepted as truth. That they were more generally repeated to kill time, to add merriment and interest to the sport; a harmless diversion, throwing aside of seriousness, proper trimmings for the recreation they always accompany. What better antidote for "the blues" and melancholy, and what more glorious food for tired and worn out man can there be than a wholesome, clean, interesting, fish story properly delivered! They should come from gentlemen, be untarnished ~~with~~ vulgarity, free from by/ profanity and unaccompanied by rudeness.

On this subject good Father Isaac Walton said:

"He is not to me a good companion, for most of his conceits were scripture jests or lascivious jests; for which I count no man witty, for the devil will help a man that way inclined to the first; and his own corrupt nature, which he always carries with him, to the latter; but a companion that feasts the company with wit and mirth and leaves out the sin that is usually mixed with it, is the man, * * * * but for such company as we heard last night, it infests others; the very boys will learn to talk and swear as they heard mine host and another of the company that shall be nameless. I am sorry the other is a gentleman, for less religion will not save their souls than a beggar's. I think

more will be required at the last great day." Walton would be seen in no man's company twice he did not like, and he liked none but such as he believed were honest and clean.

The bait subject, not being a limited one, was resumed. Muscles, cock roaches, worms of all kinds, branch minnows, stone rollers, cat eels or wall-eyed cats, small cat fish, sun fish, locusts and soft crabs were each mentioned an acceptable food to the black bass. The cat eel is a favorite in clear water during warm weather and is usually used after his horns and fins are clipped. This bait has a habit of going to the bottom of the stream and often a cork, just sufficiently buoyant to keep him from lodging among the rocks, is attached to the snood a few inches above the hook. The soft crab is quartered after being fresh killed and the meat being stringy is frequently and properly tightly tied about the hook with sewing thread. When I spoke to my son of cats, he laughingly remarked "You dont' mean to tell me that cats —real cats—are used for bait? I made reply, "I can't vouch for the story, but it was told me. Tom Dawson was a railroad employe, and when not braking on the road spent his hours on the river fishing. He took an early start one morning and as he was about to leave home,—carrying his rods, bucket and lunch basket, his good wife remarked, 'Tom, as you are going to the river today, take that small litter of kittens our cat gave birth to yesterday and drown them.' Tom did as requested. He carefully placed the kittens in his pockets and proceeded over the railroad bridge and up the tow-path to the island for a quiet day's sport. Arriving on the ground, he located on a rocky projection and in the course of an

hour landed several nice bass, which he placed upon his stringer. These he caught with minnows for bait. Just as he turned around he spied two city sportsmen in full regalia, standing within a few feet of where he was. The gentlemen had new rods and tackle and in fact every modern device for luring the bass, but they lacked experience as will be shown. One of them addressed Tom, wishing him a 'Good morning, what luck?' Tom replied, 'Oh, not much, got these 're,' at the same time showing his string of bass. The city lads were charmed and ventured to ask, "What bait did you use?" 'Kittens,' replied Tom, at the same minute thinking of the kittens his wife had charged him to drown, and pulling one from his pocket. Said he, see, these is what I use.' The novices eyed each other and then looked at Tom, perfectly dumbfounded. 'You don't mean to tell us you use kittens,' said the principal spokesman, 'Yes,' said Tom, 'got 'em all on kittens.' With this the city lads, with less enthusiasm than they had started out with, moved on in quiet to first try the worms they had provided. They had no success, and after an hour's absence returned and said, 'Mister, where did you get the kittens?' 'In Harpers Ferry,' said Tom, emphasizing his words by pulling up his line and apparently placing a kitten on the hook, which he threw out into the stream. 'Well I'll be dog on,' said one of the uninitiated, and with lowered spirits the two proceeded to Harpers Ferry, a mile away, and enlisted some of the small boys to hunt up kittens, for which they rewarded them. What success followed may be well imagined. Suffice it to say that Tom went home with a big string of bass, he had disposed of the kittens, and Mrs. Dawson joined him in enjoying the practical

joke he had played on the innocents from the city.

The small-mouthed black bass, it has been well established, is so ravenous at times that any moving object in the water will tempt him to an attack. Many instances are known where the fish has jumped into open boats, where he has pursued a bait for long distances to make a lunge for it close under the oars. On one occasion, while fishing in the Potomac just below the mouth of the Monocacy, at a spot where the branches of the trees overhanged the quiet waters, I surprised my boatman, George Walter, by landing a pound-and-a-half fish from the mouth of which protruded a tail which at first sight looked like that of a rat. We were both of us puzzled and proceeded to make a close examination, and forced the fish to disgorge a field squirrel. It was partially digested, the acids of the fish's stomach having eaten away most of the hairy covering of the animal. There was enough of it intact, however, to enable us to identify the creature, which had evidently fallen into the river from an overspreading tree and been devoured by the bass. At another time during a visit to Shenandoah City, situated on the river of the same name, I captured a bass with a half swallowed water moccasin protruding from its jaws.

To more fully illustrate the savage propensities of the fish, and to show that he will partake of its own kind, a specimen may be seen in the National Museum, which was placed there through the courtesy of Col. Richard J. Bright, where a small-mouthed bass is hanging to the hook while a few inches above on the snood is a more diminutive specimen of the same species, and preceding that a minnow bait. The Colonel reasoned that the smaller bass had jumped

at the minnow and hanged itself, and that the larger bass had struck at the smaller bass and landed on the hook. If the Colonel's theory is correct, there remains no doubt but what the species will destroy its kind, and the several experiences conclusively establish the fact that the small-mouthed bass will endeavor to capture anything alive that comes within his reach,— even if it chokes him to take care of it. No less startling was the discovery made by my boatsman Walter, when, while dressing a bass, he took from its stomach the perfect shell of a small turtle, which in time the fish would have disgorged as it is fully capable of doing.

a



Patience of the Kauffmann Kind.



REAL LIFE.

He casts the bait,
He strikes the hook,
The distance well is measured,
He winds the reel,
He bends the rod,
The prize he lands is treasured.

He wades the stream,
He climbs the rocks,
With nature's charms delighted,
He loves the flowers,
He knows the woods,
All earthly cares are blighted.

ME, MY SON AND UNCLE SCOTT.

BEFORE retiring my son had carefully arranged his fishing clothes on a chair, while a pair of rubber-soled tennis shoes peered out from underneath. The short bamboo rod with reel, line and hook, the last mentioned hanging from a swivel, which he was to use on the morrow, stood up in the corner of his room at such angle from the pillow on which he lay his head as to be the first article to meet his gaze on awakening. As a precaution against noise which might disturb the household at the early hour we proposed to go a fishing, he placed a tin bucket close to the foot of the bed where he might not fall over it on arising.

The near-by barn-yard rooster gave the break of day alarm which aroused my son, who, full of happy anticipations and with that boyish energy which follows undisturbed rest, jumped from his couch and fell over the tin bucket which had been so well placed, its rattling over the bare floor arousing the sleepers throughout the house, including myself. This unintentional disturbance caused us both to giggle until dressed, when on tip-toe we gathered up rods and sought the kitchen, where Mary gave us each a fried egg, warm cakes and coffee, together with a pocket lunch. Mary was the colored cook who merrily wished us "good luck" as we hastily and enthusiastically started on our mile walk to the river. It was down hill and through a street of an old town which had

stood the brunt of the rebellion. I answered innumerable questions, whistled broken melodies and hummed familiar tunes, and my boy did exactly as I did, except that he asked questions, didn't answer them. The birds were chiming and flitting from cedar to cedar, and the roar of the Shenandoah River as it rushed over a bed broken with immense boulders added to the music of the bright crisp morning. At the foot of the trail, beyond the town limits, we came to the water's edge and underneath an overhanging brush pile we found a bucket of bait. The bucket had been placed there the night before in such position as permitted the water to percolate through the holes which had been punctured in it. My son opened the tin bucket with which he had awakened the family that morning and into it I transferred the wiggling chubs. This done we proceeded to the dam, a half mile away. There we climbed down the stone wall, crossed over through the willows, stubbing a toe on projecting rocks here and there which tested my son's endurance and capability to suppress bad words. Crossing over the river on the dam, we were joined by an old fisherman, Uncle Scott Lightner, who accompanied us along the path which skirted the mountain until we reached Bull's Falls. Here our companion waded out onto a high rock which lifted its head above the swift raging water and proceeded leisurely to fish for the small-mouthed bass, while my son and I trudged on across an island covered with tall oaks and entangling undergrowth, until we reached a narrow branch of the river known by the mountaineers as "Sylvester's Run." It ran over shelving flat rocks, the water now deep and the next step shallow. We waded up stream. I led the way

and my son followed dragging his bait bucket through the water by a string. As I proceeded I cast my bait ahead, and at every throw nearly it would be jumped at by the bass that lay hidden behind the ledges of the rocks. It was only necessary to cast eight or nine yards of line right, left and to the center. As the bass were reeled in they were run onto the stringer which soon became burdensome for my son to carry and I was compelled to relieve him. One end I fastened to the ring in my belt while the bunch of pretty creatures would swim around in my wake. So ravenous and vicious did the fish become that I captured as many as three on a single bait. My son laughed and hallooed until the mountain chain fairly echoed with his delight. After landing nine bass, I proceeded to instruct my son as we retraced our trip down the stream. The strikes were less frequent of course, but we picked up one now and then in pools which we had missed on our upward trip. Relieving my son of the bait bucket, I cautioned him to place his thumb on the reel so as to gauge the play of line, and casting with two hands he was enabled to add to our already heavy string. It was a pleasure to instruct him. "Give your line a slight jerk. Now you have him. Let him play. Keep your line taught. Reel it slowly. Be careful. Raise your rod so as to keep the line tight. Reel again, Rod up a little. Now I'll get him." These were some of the directions. Then reaching down I would get the fish between the gills and mouth with thumb and forefinger, dislodge the hook and string it. Said I to my son, "We have taken a big catch, let us not be hoggish. A man should not continue to fish when he has enough. There is reason in all things." Tired

and hungry, we waded onto the island and devoured our pocket lunches. We selected a swift running place to drink from, which we did by lying flat on our stomachs and dipping our noses into the water. Our bucket we emptied, and taking our reels and lines from the rods, the latter were unjointed and put in their coverings. Procuring a six foot sapling, the string of nearly twenty pounds of fish we tied to it. My son took one end of the spaling and I the other, and thus carrying our catch between us we journeyed through underbrush under the broad spreading trees across the island in search of our companion whom we had left on the rock in the morning. Emerging through the thickly wooded highland with some difficulty, we crossed over a deep fall on the trunk of a dead tree to reach the mammoth rocks, which made a natural dam two-thirds of the way across the Shenandoah River. Through crevices here and there the water rushed into the basins below with the appearance of a great boiling stream from so many hot water pipes. Doubled up on the rocks, his rod resting on the forks of a willow stick planted in the sand, his line set for a bass, Uncle Scott awaited the clicking of the reel. We startled him by our quiet and unheralded arrival, only broken by my son hallowing "What luck?" Leisurely he looked around and replied, "Bad luck, only one fish and no lunch, 'cause you fellows carried it with you." So we had. The extra bite for our friend we had carried off with us in the morning. When Uncle Scott sighted the fine string of fish we carried he was startled. Though not given to excitement or enthusiasm under any conditions, he marveled at the catch, asked all kinds of questions, and sorrowed because he had not gone

with us over the island. Throwing the string into the bubbling stream to keep the fish alive, we expressed our regrets at his poor luck and apologized for allowing him to go hungry. We gave him a left over sandwich, however, and during the devouring thereof he philosophized to my son. "It only goes to show that a man should think twice before he decides upon a place to fish, and even after that, in order to be successful, my son, there must be some work done. Like makin' a living, the more pluck, energy and intelligence you put into it, the better off you will be. Patience is a good thing, but there are other ingredients such as I named should go with it. A wise man, attired in fisherman's clothes, was discovered sitting on the bank of a small muddy pond one day by an ignorant colored boy. The man was fishing, watching the movements of a float which showed as a brilliant buoy upon the dusky water. Said the boy, 'Mista, what is yer got fer bait?' 'Patience,' replied the man, 'En wha' is yer fishin' fer?' the boy asked, 'For recreation' came the response. 'Ugh!' grunted the boy, "pay-chance may be er good bait, but yer can't ketch no recreation in dis yer pon' kase dere's nothin' but er tader-poles en frogs in er heah!" Like me, you see, my son, the man had patience and had the judgment to select a spot where he couldn't catch even 'recreation.'" Uncle Scott had now begun to reel in his line and my son and I arranged our fish and in a few minutes we three were plodding homeward along the narrow mountain trail, which was grown over with willows and high grass. We were tired and wet, and by the time we recrossed the dam were quite hungry. Having to rest our catch every now and then made our return trip a slow one. My son was

light-hearted over the sport of the day and the bag of beauties he could show and talk about. Before making the final slow climb to our domicile, I took occasion to remind him that the true sportsman should be charitable, and it would not be becoming in him to criticize Uncle Scott before others on his poor luck fishing. I told him the rule was to divide the string among the party, and to speak of them as "Our fish." This instruction he followed out in the presence of his mother, sisters, and friends who crowded about the front porch on our return to view the specimens and to take "a snap shot" of them. He did not, however, in thoughtless glee neglect to tell them all how he had protected the sandwiches intended for Uncle Scott and as to how the latter went without his lunch.

Retiring to our room, wet shoes, stockings, under-drawers and breeches were soon off and swinging on the porch in the mountain breeze to dry. This move was followed by cold sponge baths and clean linen, as well as a careful putting away of materials and implements. Our good cook Mary prepared the fish for our breakfast and after a hearty supper my son and I prepared for that night's rest which should follow a laborious day's sport. Our eyes closed to the world after going over the details of the trip with Uncle Scott, who finished a cigar, not forgetting the ridiculous features, and my boy had his eye teeth cut in bass fishing. After thanking God for bed, the boy made a last remark in slow, measured, half-distinct words, "Fa-ther to catch bass you've got to hustle, haven't you, and so you must do to make a success at anything." We both of us regretted in the morning that we had not seen the cook bleed the

fish the evening before by cutting their gills, and at not seeing her hang them up one by one on a hook, cut them through the skin around the back of the head, carve out the dorsal and other fins and then pull the skin off with a pair of pincers. This would have been a new lesson to each of us. No less interesting was the way the old negress told us how to prepare and boil a bass, by sewing it up tightly in a linen cloth, then covering with water and allowing to boil slowly in a biscuit pan on the top of the stove.

RED ROCK.

Ise gwine down ter Red Rock,
Wha de water's smoove en deep,
Wha de shoa am low en sandy,
Wha de bluff am high en steep.
De ribber et makes en da,
En runs er mighty ben.
It's de place dey call de eddy,
Wha all de colors blen.
Hea' ol folks lub ter picnic,
En sing de low lan' songs,
De gal en beau dey pull da,
De place ter dem belongs,
Bu' when de leaf am fallin'
En de fros' et glis'en roun',
De fish'man he drop in da,
En call et lucky groun'.
Da de bass dey gedder,
En make er mighty flock,
Ef wan'ter know wha's fishin',
Jis try de ol' Red Rock.

BIG MEN AND BIG FISH.

AMERICAN history is replete with anecdotes of distinguished men, who not only cleared the forests, fought the savages, and established boundary lines as pioneers, but who for scientific and commercial purposes followed the trail, hunted the forests and fished the streams. These citizens of early and modern times have contributed much to the history of our country and the welfare of civilization. It is a great fortune that we enjoy today in being able to hold out to the growing boys the example of their industry, perseverance, hardships and principles as most worthy of emulation. It has become firmly established as a fact that hunting and fishing, the study of nature in mountains, meadows and streams, are prime factors contributing to the betterment and years of mankind. Grover Cleveland, statesman and citizen, embodied those qualities of heart and hand which placed him in the front rank of American sportsmen. He upheld the good there was in it and was always ready to condemn the wrong. High-minded and honorable in the conduct of affairs which effected his country, he was likewise forward in protecting the interests of the game and fish, and in so doing enjoyed the advantage of long practical experience.

I have hunted in the mountains of West Virginia where the mountaineers laid down to that distinguished sportsman the law, "if you miss your shot at the first deer which crosses your path, you must suffer the penalty of having your shirt torn into

strips and divided among your colleagues." The penalty, happily for the distinguished guest, was not enforced.

It was Mr. Cleveland's pleasure and that of his accompanying friends to fish for small-mouthed black bass in the Potomac River. Mr. Cleveland made several trips for such sport upon that stream during the years he was President. On one of them he encountered rainy, inclement weather, yet, true to his character, he stood up in a boat, covered with a rain coat, and cast, with rod and reel, until satisfied that he could catch no fish. Mr. Cleveland no doubt encountered that disappointment which follows to any devotee of the rod who fails of success after a hard trial and, appreciating what must have been his feelings while on a trip to the Monocacy the day following, I told my son that we would have to catch the President a big bass because of his ill luck the day before.

The river was clear, the wind calm, the water just right as to temperature and depth, and anticipating everything pleasant my boy and I were boated up that stream, which of all others gets muddy the quickest and clears the slowest. The day had long been spent and our spirits drooped like the limbs of the willows along the shore. I had told Boatman Walters to take us home. As we trolled along indifferently, with nearly every foot of line out, there was a splash and a great commotion, which brought us to realize that I had struck a large fish. Such it proved to be, after ten minutes' struggle in bringing it into the boat, being without a landing net. My boy was proud; so was I, and the boatman began to feel that he had earned his hire.

We reached the City with our five-and-a-half pound bass that evening and my boy and I had planned to keep it alive in a tub at home all night, if it survived the train ride of an hour and a half. All the fresh air possible was afforded it, and it soon had full vigor when turned under the spigot. The water was allowed to drip upon it all night long and to run off proportionately, so that the bass was alive in the morning. About noon I sent a novice as a messenger to take the fish down to the White House for Mr. Cleveland. When the messenger reached our home and discovered the enormity of the fish and with instructions to "bring it down alive," he was at his wits end how to secure it. He and the servant girl worked for an hour trying to catch the fish so as to lift it out of the tub. As their arms would extend the fish would splash and dash ferociously. Finally it occurred to the messenger to permit the water to run out of the temporary lake. This he did and then he had no trouble to land his fish. He brought it to me wrapped in a clean towel, well dampened with water all in a deep new straw basket. Thus it went to Assistant Secretary Pruden at the White House. Mr. Pruden told me he immediately proceeded with the package to the Cabinet room where the President and his advisers were seated, and that on entering he remarked, "Mr. President, a friend sends you a fine bird," at which the fish jumped out of the basket. It was captured and turned over to the President's driver with instructions to have it knocked in the head and prepared for dinner. My son's importance was more apparent after this catch than formerly, and I suggested that if he lived and did not forget the incident and Mr. Cleveland lived he might pay him

a friendly call someday and remind him of the big small-mouthed bass of the Monocacy.

While President Cleveland was an adept in the use of the gun and rod, to President Roosevelt, the sportsmen of America pay high tribute, but this distinguished gentleman has given more attention to the shooting of large game than to the field and fishing. Not that he is unfamiliar with bird hunting and fishing, for he is an expert in all lines as a sportsman, but as a historian and scientific writer, he has found in the heavier pursuit the necessary material for the entertainment and enlightenment of the student. Possessing the superior accomplishments of a great hunter, he embodies those high attributes which go for the protection of game and fish, forests, and streams. Well equipped as a man from every point of view his work furnishes a magnificent study for every young citizen of the Republic. His earlier years were spent on a ranch in the Northwest and there he learned to master the horse and the gun. The saddle affords him the luxury of a couch and the bigger the game the greater his delight to pursue it. The last few years have recorded him as a "mighty hunter" and his admirers have found him equal in skill and endurance to any man who ever followed the trail. Many trophies emphasize his wonderful work with the rifle, and in bringing down big game he has always followed the precept of giving his foe a fair chance. History is already replete with many interesting pages of the work of Theodore Roosevelt, the hunter, the student of nature, and the boys of the land will profit by its reading. The following fishing experience of the President proves a delightful morsel for any one:

George W. Powers and Franke E. McCourt spent their vacations on Long Island and a fishing trip took them to Oyster Bay. They had indifferent luck and little to compensate them for their trouble in the way of incident or sport until young Powers hooked a dogfish.

Strive as both could, it was beyond their efforts to get the prize into the boat. They exerted every means within reach and tried every expedient in vain and were about to give up the task when their trouble attracted the attention of two men and a woman in a boat.

They pulled over ~~the~~^{to} boys, and one of the men, encouraging the youths to hold on, coached them and lent a hand, and in a few minutes the big fish was splashing and floundering in the bottom of their boat. With many thanks for the assistance given them the boys rowed ashore.

Afterwards in talking the incident over, it occurred to young McCourt that the face of the man who had assisted them was familiar. The broad smile that showed the gleaming rows of teeth, the eye-glasses and commanding figure, convinced the boys that their unknown friend must be President Roosevelt. Once suggested, they determined to make conviction sure and wrote a joint letter to Oyster Bay asking Mr. Roosevelt if their surmise was correct. In answer to the message this letter came back.

WHITE House, Oyster Bay,

July, 1904.

Dear Young Friends:

I am glad to hear from you, and congratulate you upon the fish you caught the other day. I was pleased

we were able to help you with the dogfish. With best wishes, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

To say, in the President's favorite expression, that the boys were "delighted" at this would but faintly convey an idea of their pride and pleasure. Their fishing adventure was told and retold scores of times to companions and friends, and, of course, the part President Roosevelt took in it was not lost in the recounting. His personal message was exhibited in triumph and the young fishermen were the heroes of their part of the country in the eyes of their associates, not to mention their proud relatives.

My son and I on several occasions after capturing specimens of the small mouthed variety of bass were afforded much pleasure in sending strings to the President, and having attained the proud distinction of having his catches thus enjoyed my boy feels that his exploits among the streams of the mountains were of the loftiest character. Such recognition of his skill and industry made impressions upon him as will, I am sure, encourage him to continue to participate in recreative pursuits of a kind that develop the mind, muscle and morals.

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Grover Cleveland Big Fisherman.



BOATING ON THE CANAL.

John drives the mules from morn till night,
And often later when the moon is light,
His bed is hard and his food the same,
Both run short when the power is lame.
John cracks the whip and all things move,
That he's not happy you can't disprove,
No cares of business, trials of state,
No fear of collision when the ship is late.
John plods along and pushes the mule,
For he has no studies and knows no school,
The warble of the birds, the crispy air,
Give joy to his heart and curls his hair.
It's his only home and without a mother,
But a sister fair gently turns the rudder,
She delights to respond to the name of Sal,
They Captain a boat on the old canal.

*The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal keeps company
with the Potomac River as it winds its way from
Washington west through the Blue Ridge Mountains
and in its day was a great transportation way.*

TROUT FISHING IN UTAH.

A LL boys are interested in wholesome stories told in a manner that they can comprehend. The narrative should always be keenly alive to the subject, however, and select it with a view of attracting close attention, and demeanor, manner of delivery, and earnestness must be so studied as to be effectual. When a young man my experiences on the frontier among the Ute Indians, were of a character that might have been woven into dime novels, but there was much more satisfaction in giving them to the boys first-handed than to have them prepared with embellishments and devoured through yellow covers. They should be told in such a way as not to make the boys want to wear belts, bowie knives and revolvers. It afforded me much amusement to relate stories to the boys, to be followed by explanation of disasterous effects that would detract from the usual inclinations to go and do likewise.

A fishing experience had while going from Camp Douglass near Salt Lake City through Strawberry Valley to the South was much appreciated by my son, and was retold to him several times in order to afford him the desired satisfaction. Our party on that trip comprised several Government Commissioners, myself, and thirty-five United States soldiers as guard, under Lieutenant Penney. Two ambulances and two military wagons, drawn by four mules each, made up the Caravan. We had traveled through Echo Canyon, crossed the Provo River, tipped over

our supplies, encountered Indians, and had other adventures, when from the high mountains we looked down upon the beautiful valley of Strawberry, its face broken by the serpentine windings of a stream by the same name. We were told that this stream was full of fish and that it would furnish water for our coffee and tired mules. When we reached the low lands early in the afternoon we went into camp, and members of our party sought to catch some fish for the evening meal. There were many of them, but so shy that with all the ingenuity we could devise but few were caught. About this time when our pleasant anticipations of a few hours before began to vanish, a hearty looking ranchman appeared with a bucket full and they were quickly purchased and almost as soon on the fire. The native had repaired our shattered hopes and we all wondered how he managed to provide the trout in such quantities after our skilled anglers had failed. Twenty years later it was my pleasure to meet the same plainsman who had sold us the trout by the bucket full in Strawberry Valley. He had become a bond holder in New York. Laughingly he related that he had engaged his cow-boys with picks and shovels, to turn the direction of the stream which watered Strawberry Valley. A point in the stream had been dammed so as to alter its course. This left the old channel below the dam barren of water except in pools, where the trout had swarmed in great numbers, and from which he had shoveled the fish into the bucket which he had brought to us. This would be regarded as a dastardly trick in these days and it would have been condemned in those no doubt, had we then known the truth, but we were all awfully

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hungry and hundreds of miles from civilization.

This story of the pot hunter, while it possessed rather a humorous side when fully learned, met with disapproval by my boy, which should be shared in by all modern sportsmen.

A BLUE RIDGE SNAKE STORY.

It was a night of substantial rest. A brilliant ball of fire creeping over the mountain heights announced the opening of another charming day and the ringing of the six o'clock bell on the village church awakened us. This was to be given to reading, writing and tales of the sport. An hour after breakfast found our little company beneath the accustomed shade. The seasoned hammocks and trampled grass were occupied and lounged upon as usual. An incident which was given publicity the day before, was related, and it made a pleasant chapter for my boy to add to his growing volume. It fell to my lot to repeat it as it had come to me. Doctor Harban a well-known expert with the rod and reel found entertainment in the Blue Ridge section of the country, where he was one of a party of several who owned a pleasant retreat. Their camp, which included a rustic house, was located near the summit of the mountains. It was a difficult road which led up to it, and the Doctor six months before was engaged with several native workmen cutting, filling and making it passable for pedestrian and team. While busily engaged with shovel and pick, a workman astonished the Doctor and others by crying out, "There goes the biggest rattle snake I ever saw, but he's gone." With this, the Doctor remarked, "If you come across that snake again, you get him

and bring him up to the house to me and I'll give you a five-dollar bill." The good Doctor never for a moment thought there would be a response to his generous proffer, and the topic was dropped and lost sight of, until, as I have stated, six young summer months had passed away.

It was a cool, snappish evening. The air was crisp, the owl hooted and the distant scratch of the B. & O. locomotive sounded shrill and clear,—the only sound of civilization. A party of friends occupied the broad veranda of the rustic club house. Their laughing and singing was interrupted suddenly by the approach of a tall, long, lean individual attired in humble clothes with pants in his boots, and who carried a box under his arm. Stepping from the gravel path onto the porch he said, "Gommen, is der docta hea"? "Doctor who," was asked by all. "Doctor 'Bin," responded the stranger. "Doctor Harban is here," said one of the party, "Well, dat's der man." At this the spokesman for the party proceeded to find the doctor and in a few moments returned with him. "Well sir, what will you have? I am Doctor Harban." "Wall, doctor I hea' yer givin' five dollers fer rattlers and I brought yer up a couple." "Rattlers," remarked the Doctor with emphasis, at which time the entire party of associates and friends began to beat a retreat. "I don't want any rattlers." "Wall, I was tol' so by der man on der road." Explanations followed and the Doctor compromised matters by remunerating the stranger for his trouble and the further burden of carrying the box of snakes as far off as he could to complete the job by killing them.

It is useless to say, congratulations were in order and the doctor has never been charged with having

acquired "snakes." This is but one of the experiences a fisherman in the mountains is liable to meet with, and my son and our company all begged to be excused from such an introduction.

I said to my son that there were many unpleasant experiences to be encountered in every walk of life, and that they often arise as if to test the thoughtfulness, ingenuity and courage of a man. Not that encounters or meetings with snakes are frequent, but with other subjects, some of them far more disagreeable. "Yes," said he, "snakes in the boots." "Well yes," I responded, "such are known, and they constitute a most dangerous class, the most undesirable. It is not uncommon, however, for the fisherman while wading streams or prowling around rocky or rugged shores to meet with reptiles. On one or two occasions it befell my lot to kill moccasins and in the foot hills of the Blue Ridge where some of the finest fishing places are located, and the copperhead and other venomous snakes are occasionally encountered. In such a meeting the sportsman wearing low shoes is somewhat exposed.

THE LOST WATCH.

"Difficult River" within those fields where was fought the war of the Rebellion is a deep, winding stream which flows into the Potomac River. Here my boy was proud to fish, because it brought to him thoughts of the Battle of Bull Run and the defense of Washington. Many times he would put questions to me regarding the scenes enacted in that vicinity in war times. Most of the boys have an interest in such matters and fishing was almost a secondary consideration when we would make a trip to "Difficult."

There was a friend of ours who was instrumental in stocking the stream with fish, and he had many rough experiences along "Snake Den" and "Little Difficult" when he went out on a recreation trip. On one of these tours he journeyed for miles through the dense underbrush, and up and down the foot-hills, which make up the country through which the stream I have mentioned flows. A plain everyday citizen, not an expert fisherman, but nevertheless devoted to the art, he would relate with much pride his travels, tribulations and pleasures. On this occasion he took a vacation from his labors and fished the creek earnestly with poor success. Not only did he capture few fish but the morning following a hard day's trial, a heavy gold watch which had been worn by his grandfather was missing. Great was Mr. Hall's sorrow and chagrin. To think that a prize relic was gone was enough without giving thought to the bad record he would have as a sportsman, should the tale of the travel become public property. It can well be imagined he was not long in returning to the scene of his exploits. An early train, after a short run, landed him at Hunter's Mills, and he soon had all the boys who lived in the surrounding country, upon promise of reward, searching for the missing watch. His last trail along the stream was still fresh in his memory and he earnestly followed it from start to finish without success. With said heart and tears in his eyes he proceeded to retrace the course he had followed. The day was nearing its close; the warbling of the birds had given place to the music of the frogs and the world to Mr. Hall was said and dreary. As he carelessly walked along he peered into the pools he had crossed or fished. One of these was several

feet in depth, and the water as clear as crystal. A mossy bank overhung it. Stooping down, with a stick he carried he pushed away the brush and grass which shaded the spot from the bank, and a glistening object, or bright rock, at the bottom of the pool attracted his attention. He went into the water and down as far as it went and picked up the lost time piece. It was uninjured, that is, the water had not gotten into it. Great was his joy, in fact, so great that he heralded the news of his good fortune and rewarded those who had joined him in the search. Our friend was not long in seating himself to a good country supper, and he wears the gold watch of his grandfather today and points to the incident of its loss and finding with great interest. This story was listened to with much enjoyment by my boy, who has since had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Hall and viewing the watch, which for many hours occupied a place ^A among the fishes. c/

THE UNSUCCESSFUL HUNT.

My boy was so persistent that I ventured to relate to his friends, who had gathered under the usual shade, the experience of a fishing and hunting party that had encamped opposite Cotoctan on the Potomac River during the preceding autumn. It was under the guidance of my personal friend, Mr. Milton, who was a most generous host, and being thus renowned he had endeavored to sustain that reputation by providing every equipment for comfort and every luxury in the shape of provisions. The party numbered eight congenial souls, who at home were engaged as Bankers, Lawyers, Florists and Merchants. None of them were masters in the use of the rod and reel, and each

possessed a limited knowledge of fire-arms. Notwithstanding neglected education in this regard, they were willing to learn and partake of the disappointments which might follow a week's study in the open. There was no lack of industry and wit in the crowd, and attired in new hunting suits they all worked hard in unloading their equipage and supplies from the local passenger train and transporting the same across the river in boats. Before the sun had set tents were up, water was boiling and necessary camping implements unpacked. Efforts to obtain fish for the evening meal were only partially successful, but after the first night's rest the fishing was renewed with better results. At an early hour of the second day out Mr. Milton uncoupled his gun, brushed up his hunting suit, and announced that he would proceed to bag squirrels enough for breakfast. The remainder of the party busied themselves about the camp. After climbing over rocks, crawling through bushes, looking up into high trees until his eyes were sore, the would-be huntsman became disappointed at finding no squirrels and sat down on a log to rest his weary limbs. While thus engaged varied scenes of younger days flitted through his mind, and, disheartened, on the verge of retracing his steps to camp, he was approached by three country lads. The elder carried a dozen or more squirrels from his belt, and as he saluted the discouraged Mr. Milton, he drawled a "how are ye," and asked "do ye know them thar fellows in camp down thar, end would they buy eny squirrels." No more joyful notes could have been wafted to the ears of Mr. Milton. Eagerly he replied, "Do you want to sell 'em, "and how much do you want?" A Dollar and a quarter paid for the bunch and no time was lost

in parting company with the traders. But, said Mr. Milton, I must show to my associates some evidence of wear and tear and expended energy, and let them hear shots from my gun ring out. This brilliant thought was put into execution. He walked into mud holes, besmeared his new suit, fell over logs, scrambled down short precipices, fired his gun off a dozen times, and finally exhausted after a mile's tramp, dropped into camp apparently more dead than alive. Resting his gun against a tree, he tossed the string of squirrels onto the ground in front of his companions and remarked, "there, I have killed food for the breakfast." Delighted over the apparent success and smiles of Mr. Milton all joined in complimenting him as a marksman and a hunter. "Good boy," "Bully fellow," "You are no tenderfoot," were some of the expressions freely given. The next evening long after the squirrel feast had been forgotten, when the whole company was quietly partaking of supper, Mr. Milton suddenly showed signs of great agitation, which was beginning to alarm his associates. There was shouts of laughter, and loud poking of fun, when a moment later, the country lad whom Mr. Milton had bought the squirrels of the day before walked in upon the scene and remarked "does the man who bought dem squirrels yesterday want ter buy eny more today?" The jig was up and all the congratulations which had been showered upon Mr. Milton a few hours before were withdrawn.

The anecdote amused the boys, but carried with it the moral, "Be sure your sins will find you out." I told my boy and his companions that deception might prevail in fishing and hunting for awhile, but the truth would sooner or later come to the surface and embarrassment might follow.



What Ailes The Bass.



A PLEASANT DISAPPOINTMENT.

My boy was an attentive listener and had early been instructed not to say anything of anybody unless it was something good. I often told him of the magnificent accomplishments of would-be fishermen, some of whom he had come in contact with during our rambles. If he heard of their omissions or shortcomings he would always view them from a charitable standpoint and remark, "Well; he'll become an expert like me some day." My own early disappointments while being educated in the pictorial art afforded him much interest and at times merriment when related by friends or myself. An original companion was Tom Irwin, who would discard boots and socks, roll his pantaloons up to his knees and wade pools, jump from stone to stone, and stand on a sun-heated rock with perfect indifference. My legs were so much softer than his that there were many swift places in the river over which I would jump after he had given me a hand, or reached me the butt of his rod. Tom was very fatherly and instructed and cared for me as he would a son. When wading across or through a heavy and rapid volume of water he was always careful to see that I was not washed down, my weight being only about one hundred and thirty pounds. Tom was a laboring man, but honest, active and fearless, and possessed the best ideas of when, where and how to fish for small-mouthed bass. Now and then he would take a day off to accompany and instruct me in the art. My son was all eyes and ears when I told him Tom and I had traveled over four miles one bright morning to try fishing at a place called

"Millville." There the Shenandoah came down over several miles of rocks forming a young Niagara, and a race or run-way supplied abundance of water to operate ~~on~~ old but picturesque flour mill. The Superintendent of the mill had constructed a mammoth and substantial fish pot in connection with it, where he caught hundreds of eels and suckers. It was in this direction we took our way. When within a mile of the mill, the river changed from a beautiful clear green to an ugly yellow color, the result of showers along its upper course, and our spirits fell to a very low ebb over the changed condition. We concluded to complete the journey however, and after reaching the mill found the fish pot full of small suckers. There were at least two hundred of the fish jumping around in the wooden pot. With permission from the Superintendent of the mill, big hearted James Gore, we took out about a hundred of the fish and run them on a string, arranged in the order of their size. The neatness with which this was done made the fish look attractive. Then refreshed with a glass or two of good country milk and a sandwich, we made the return trip to town, and the country hotel where fifty guests assembled to gaze upon the magnificent string of "trout," as it was given out, that we had captured. The string was presented to the proprietor, who with much promptness and happiness accepted the mess. They were cleaned, soaked over-night in salt, and fried brown for the breakfast of the guests, some of whom to this day delight in referring to the beautiful trout and treat which was afforded them on that occasion.

I explained to my son that the guests had named the fish, and while there was a color of deception in the

presentation, it was not an unhealthy meal, carried no unpleasant results with it, and therefore became a legitimate fish offering.

A SHORT SERMON.

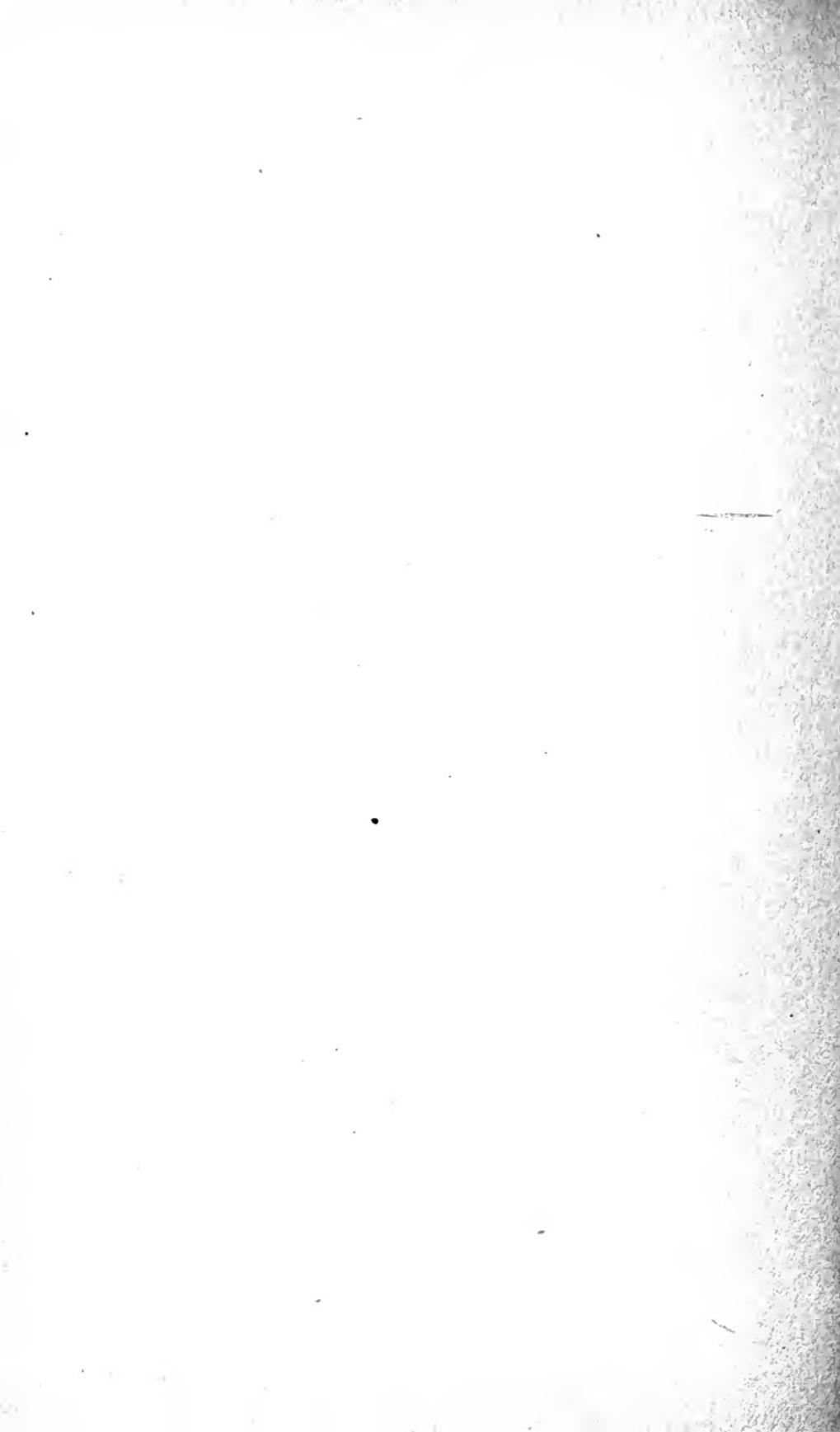
My son you will find the fraternity of fishermen embraces the good, the better and the best of men and their influences tend to elevate and improve those who partake of its pleasures, and who are not so good. A recreation which is followed by all classes and which works to the betterment and refinement of mankind must be worth the while. You will find others who decry the art of fishing, some because they do not enjoy it, those who are ignorant of its pleasures, and a few cranks who justify their non-participation because they believe it cruel. A year or so ago while on a trip with my friends Doctor Henry Fry and Rev. R. H. McKim, the former a prominent surgeon, the latter a talented Divine, a railroad brakesman remarked to the Reverend gentleman "Do you not think it is wrong to shoot quail?" The good man replied about as follows: "The suffering of a bird when shot is probably no greater than that of a fish when taken out of the vital element to die; and if our Saviour, Jesus Christ, gave his approval, as He repeatedly did, to taking fish out of the water, it is not likely that He would disapprove of killing birds that are fit for food, provided the destruction be not wanton or excessive."

This brief, but pointed, sermon should be read and regarded by all fishermen. It means that fish are intended to be caught for food, but not in numbers

more than are necessary. There are men who display their destructive character and greed by taking all the fish they can without regard to necessities. Such a practice is reprehensible and the perpetrator does not deserve to be recognized as a legitimate sportsman. The individual who will criticize and lament such tactics in the presence of a "pot hunter" will soon bring him to a realization of the error of his way and accomplish his reform. If good results do not follow, such a sportsman should be drummed out of the Camp of the reputable.



Harban Has Two of a Kind.



STORIES OF LARGE BASS

It matters not where you go along the Potomac River and its tributaries you will meet some one who has captured "the largest bass that was ever seen." Those who come home with fish will often tell you how the biggest one got away. Some times their stories are true, not as many of them perhaps as are those told by the class I first mentioned. Old settlers who have lived and boated along the river delight in rehearsing early experiences, and while some of them repeat their tales so often that the fish grow to enormous size, they must have occasionally come in contact with enormous bass. George Walters, at the Monocacy, told me about fishing off the Aqueduct which crosses the river near his home, and of having caught bass weighing five and six pounds, and hoisting them with hook and line twenty and thirty feet in order to land them.

John Miller, the Newspaper correspondent, took in one which broke the heavy rope with which he had the fish tied to the rear of his boat, and the bass is estimated to have weighted over six pounds.

A year ago, in the month of October, the writer, while fishing near the Red Rock, landed one which weighed exactly six pounds. The fish did not take the bait ferociously but gently, then began to "walk off with the line. That was reeled in and then relaxed as the fish began to make frantic efforts to haul the boat from its anchor. By degrees the mighty specimen was drawn nearer the boat and finally Mr. Walters was enabled to place the landing net under the fish and hoist him into the boat. That was the largest fish of the small-mouthed variety that was caught

during the season, but the next day William Locraft, not to be outdone, while fishing near the same place, secured one which weighed six and a half pounds. After placing it on view for several days he had a cast made of the giant specimen, which has since been colored, and which now adorns the National Museum as an exhibit.

H. Joseph Hunter, who enjoys an enviable reputation as a fisherman, tells how he lost a big one. The water was in good condition, and with his family boatman, Charley, he ploughed along over his favorite water. He had caught sixteen bass that weighed one to four pounds, when he espied a sunken log. It was about six inches under the water, which was four feet deep with a muddy bottom. "Hold up Charley," he said, "I see a log and a good one must be at home." Dear Charley, always on the alert, brought the boat to a standstill. They were about one hundred and forty feet from the spot, just the right distance. He reeled in and examined his artificial bait, made of fat pork, in imitation of a minnow, called by him the "Zulu Queen" and found it in perfect condition. "Well!" as he states, no sooner had it struck the water when the biggest swirl you ever saw was made. I exclaimed, "Charley, he is at home," and at once struck, and then a terrible lunge was made. My game not being able to reach the log, started up in the air, and went higher than any sycamore on the Potomac. When it came down, off down the river it started, and went through the water so fast that the suction drew the mud from the bottom of the river and made it so muddy that fishing was broken up for ten days. This is the last I ever saw of him, but Charley said he would have weighed as many pounds as he went

feet in the air. Charley and I just looked at each other with amusement. I finally exclaimed, we'll try it again, as there is a larger bass in the Potomac than has ever been caught."

Mr. John M. Kenyon, of Toledo, Ohio, informs me that in 1883 he caught a bass which was the largest small-mouthed specimen he ever saw. It weighed seven pounds and two ounces, and was twenty-three and three-quarters inches long. He had been a persistent fisherman, and uses the same rod for bait and fly casting, a nine-and-half-foot, six-ounce bamboo. In bait casting he uses the same leader without sinker and cast as with a fly only with slower motion.

A. F. Dressel, of Baltimore, Md., an expert with rod and reel, some years ago took a small-mouthed bass from the Potomac River, between Knoxville and Brunswick, which weighed seven pounds and one sixteenth ounce.

THE PICTURE IN THE WAIVE.

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There are few fishermen who do not witness at one time or another movements of the bass which would induce the belief that they possess the senses which belong to the human being. When the rivers are clear and the wind down the bass are frequently seen listlessly running about, and if a bait is thrown almost within their mouths it will be avoided. Such inaction may be observed during the spawning season, or when the water is very warm during a heated period. The fish have at other times been noticed racing to overtake a minnow or in making warfare upon the small minnows along the shore. Not infrequently does he jump into the open in an attempt to

capture a fly or bug which may be struggling on the surface of the river.

These movements furnish food for study and should be noted by the boy who wants to learn all he can concerning the creatures. Of the many instances which interested my boy and I, one occurred in the Potomac near the Monocacy River an evening in July, which would have made a picture for an artist, and which will never be forgotten by either of us. The sun had gone down and our boatman was slowly pulling us in the direction of home. We were moving up stream and I had run out about fifty yards of line with a live bait at the end. The boat crossed a ripple, about the middle of which was a continual wave with a high crest, which, after we had passed over, appeared like a sheet of glass rising from the surface of the water. My trolling bait, at the end of a moderately slack-line, reached the wave and was lifted up into it so that we could distinctly observe the chub as if in the middle of a glass in a frame, the bait parallel with the surface of the river. At that instant a one-pound, small-mouthed bass attacked the chub, face to face with it, and hung to the hook. The whole picture of the floating bait and bass, one after the other, was clearly and distinctly portrayed as if behind a glass on the wall. It was over in a moment, but it could have been snapped by a camera had it been anticipated. It was a most remarkable and inspiring presentation, and my old boatman, George Walters, never forgets to relate the incident to interest willing listeners. The "Picture in the Wave," as we named it, was worth all the fish we had caught and its like will never be seen again.

THE NET WITH NO BOTTOM.

JOHN AND THE LAWYER.

On one occasion T. Walter Fowler and several gentlemen were fishing and the elder of them was desirous of trying one of his inventions in the form of a net for keeping fish alive. This net was of tubular form and about three feet long, with a draw string at the bottom and a wide mouth held open by a ring. The catch that day was above the average and some good fish were taken; and as soon as removed from the hook the fish were dropped into the open mouth of the net, which was hung over the side of the boat and was all submerged except the upper end. When the day's sport was over and the boat put to shore, the net was lifted from the water when to the amazement of both men not a fish was to be found. The explanation for this was apparent when it was found that the old gentleman had forgotten to close the lower end of his trap net when he put it overboard, and consequently as he put his fish into the top end they at once passed out at the bottom; and it is still a mooted question whether the fish caught that day represented a number of fish, or the same fish caught a number of times. What was said when the empty net was lifted from the water was more forcible than delicate and should not be repeated.

The trials of a fisherman are many and varied, and was it not for the particular pleasure of anticipation" the sport would lose some of its most ardent admirers. Then again it is often the case that the trials do not come singly. An instance of this is well remembered by a party of adherents of Izaak

Walton, who went out for a few days sport to Goose Creek, Va. Profiting by previous experience, it was determined by two of the party to take along with them a supply of live bait, and accordingly a large crated shipping can was obtained, likewise a liberal supply of smelt; and after much care and the loss of many fish the party finally arrived at the little country station and "Devery" like promptly patronized a pump, for fresh water for the bait still remaining alive. A springless farm wagon was soon engaged for the five mile trip across the country, over rough roads and through thick woods. Progress was slow and painful, but after the shipping can had bursted one of its seams by the pressure of water and the severe jolting which it received, and after the transfer of the smelt to a milk can obtained from a friendly farmer along the way, and the overturning of this can and the spilling of the bait and the picking up of the same from the bottom of the wagon, the tried and somewhat disheartened party finally reached Uncle Henry's comfortable farm house and, after depositing the remaining live bait in a live box in the river, were soon ready for supper. The next day two of the party, a Doctor and a Lawyer, concluded to "lay off" for the day while the others tried their luck. The Doctor had brought his personal supply of bait in his bucket and had sunken it from the stern of a boat at the river landing, and with a satisfied calm air, though somewhat impatiently, waited for the coming of next day when he would "try his luck." As time dragged somewhat slowly for the two good sportsmen, it was suggested by the lawyer late in the afternoon, that they stroll down to the river to await the return of those who had gone out to fish, a

suggestion which the Doctor readily assented to. After a short walk the boat landing was reached, when, much to the dismay of the Doctor who had tied his bucket of bait to a boat and sunken it in the stream, the discovery was made that boat and bait were both missing. No greater misfortune could have occurred, for the prospect of starting fishing the next morning without a supply of bait was not a pleasing one, especially when all "the other fellows" were well supplied with this important and necessary adjunct of a fishing trip. Prompt and vigorous search was made for the missing boat and bucket of bait, but no trace of either could be found; and neither of the returning fisherman, who had spent the day on the water, could give any clue or offer any balm to the unfortunate Doctor, but with that generosity which is a part of the stock in trade of a true sportsman, it was arranged that some of the others would give the Doctor a supply of bait to start out with the following morning. Upon the return of the party at twilight to the farm house a report was made of the missing boat and bucket of bait, and many theories were advanced as to their disappearance. There was employed on the farm for various light chores a diminutive negro, of about ten years of age, by the name of John. After inquiry it developed that John and a stable companion, somewhat his senior, had been allowed a few hours off that Sunday afternoon and had concluded to take a spin on the river. When this fact was made known suspicion naturally rested upon John and his companion, and to ascertain what had become of the boat and bait, the lawyer member of the party took John in charge and subjected him to a rigid cross examination. John first denied any

knowledge of the boat, but upon a threat to take him to Leesburg and put him in the lock-up he weakened and tearfully admitted that his companion had removed the bucket of bait from the boat and had hidden it in the bushes on the shore near the landing, intending to call for it later. Further cross examination failed to weaken John's former statement, so the matter was considered explained; and upon request that John go with the Doctor to where the bucket was hidden, the two set out for the river with a lantern to light their path, it being now after dark. Upon arriving at the River bank John pointed out the place where the bucket was hidden, but upon search no bucket was found, and the two returned to the farm house with negative results. John was again taken in hand by the lawyer and further questioned, and he was taken to the barn yard and told to get in a buggy already there with the horse hitched, as he must go to Leesburg and be jailed. Here in the stillness of the night and away from all others, John began to weep and finally confessed that his companion in the boat had taken up the bucket of bait and hauled it far out into the stream, and then pushed the boat adrift and made for parts unknown. This was the most likely tale and was accepted as a fact and John was threatened with all sorts of dire things and sent to bed. The next day the Doctor had to depend on the generosity of his other friends for bait and all hope of recovery of boat and bait was given up. However, the farmer not wishing to lose his boat started out the following morning for a search of the river, and when near Seneca he was told by a boatman that an empty boat with oars had been seen floating down stream, but had not been caught by the boatman because the latter

was afraid it contained a dead man. Continuing his search, the farmer soon found his boat and hanging over the stern was the bait bucket, with the bait all in good shape and none the worse for the five-mile trip with the abandoned boat. Great was the joy of the Doctor when he returned that day to be told of the success of the farmer's trip; and the laugh was on the lawyer, who confessed that John was, for his age, the most polished story-teller he had ever met with."





It's Not a Fish Story I Catch 'em Everyway.



NOT INTENDED TO DECEIVE.

The late Elphonzo Young an accomplished sportsman, related for the edification of the boys this interesting narrative:

It is a habit with some thoughtless persons to cast slurs upon fish, and to ridicule fishermen and fish stories, and some even go so far as to question the veracity and truthfulness of fish stories in general. Having this in mind, I have always made a point of adhering strictly to the truth in speaking of fish.

Some hold that it is cruel to catch a fish upon a hook, and assert that to hook a fish in the mouth gives the fish great pain, but I am convinced that the average fish does not suffer as much from being hooked and drawn out of the water as it does in thinking of the lies that will be told about its size and weight after it is dead.

Fish as a general thing are affectionate, and I mention an incident that came under my personal observation that proves to me that they are grateful and appreciate kind treatment.

A gentleman in New York State had a large and well-stocked trout pond, and his little daughter, six years old, took great pleasure in feeding the fish. She went regularly every day and threw the food into the pond, scattering it on the surface of the water, and took great delight in seeing the fish jump after it., sometimes they leaped entirely out of the water, and the little girl would clap her hands and shout in childish glee. The fish got to know her, and when she ran along the bank and called them, they came to the edge of the water in great numbers, and

wagged their tails with delight. They would eat from her hand, and follow her all around the pond.

One day as she was running along the bank she caught her foot against something and plunged headlong into the water. Instantly the fish rushed to her rescue. They formed a solid mass under her and held her above the water until her father arrived and rescued her from her perilous position. Her life was saved, and her kindness to the fish was rewarded." r/

NO GOOD TO CUSS.

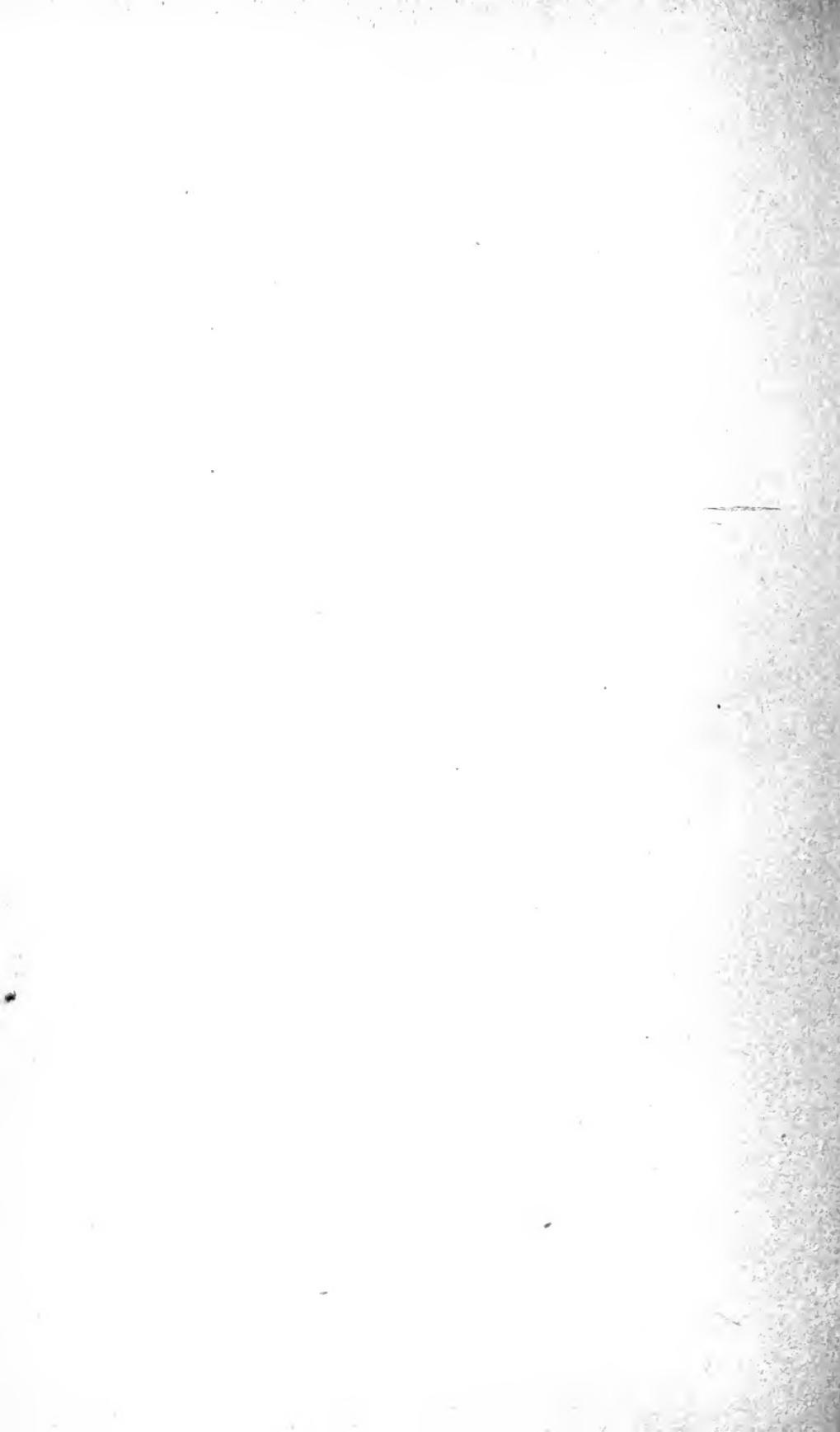
A short story with a big moral for Anglers was delivered to us by my late friend, Doctor William P. Young.

Around the bend of the deep hole near the boat-landing of the Hampshire Sportman's Club, on the beautiful South branch of the Potomac, four miles above Romney, West Virginia, half-a-dozen natives of the neighborhood watched the long poles to which were tied their toad-baited lines. The patriarch of the party, a sturdy six-foot septusgenarian, wearing a long white goatee of the well known "Uncle Sam" pattern, with pole stuck in the soil, squatted, and chawed, and watched.

Aroused suddenly by "a big bite," he grabbed the fifteen foot pole (not an inch less), that was bent almost to the surface of the stream, and gave a powerful jerk. As a big bass floundered in the shallow water near the shore, and broke away, we listened from our point of vantage in a boat nearby, for the lurid expletives which certain (?) city folks indulge on such occasions. Without exhibiting the least

excitement, he exclaimed, in a deep, drawling tone, "That must 'a bin a fi-pounder!;" and called to a boy, "Aw—aw Jim! Bring me another toad."

Meeting him the next day, at the same place, we said; "You didn't let out a single cuss word yesterday, when you lost that big bass." With a grim smile he replied: "That wouldn't 'a done no good."





Hamilton's Short Line.



WHO CAUGHT THE FISH.

The enthusiastic Walter S. Harban, was relating some of his remarkable experiences, and said that a few years ago in company with several other gentlemen, after breaking Camp on the Shennadoah, near Bentonville, Va., he boated down the river as far as Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, making the trip in three days. The first night out they stopped at a farm house ten miles below Riverton, Virginia. Upon approaching the shore of the place, the water being shallow for some distance, a *Common Cur Dog* was standing well out in the stream. As he paid no attention to them, nothing was thought of him until when leaving the boat for the night, the dog appeared and had with him a wriggling bass. The next morning while sitting on the porch talking to the proprietor, the dog appeared on the front lawn, this time carrying in his mouth a fine Black Bass, weighing not less than two pounds. They were then reminded of the incident the evening before and the natural query was, where in the deuce he got them. The owner of the dog informed them that since a puppy, when hungry, he would go to the river several hundred yards away and catch fish and eat them, that it was not unusual for him to bring in much larger fish, and upon depriving him of them he would return to the river and catch more. They were also informed that a well known Angler of Washington, often visited his place, and as this same Angler has reported many large catches in the Shenandoah, it can well be surmized who caught the fish, Angler or the dog?

QUEER CATCHES.

Henry Talbott one of the Inter State Commerce authorities is also known to many as a sportsman of rare ability, not only with rod and reel, but with pen and ink said to my boy:

"A modern writer on angling commenting on the stories of queer catches with the artificial fly is disposed to be very humorous at the expense of the awkwardness which could catch a haystack, yet it is safe to say if the author never caught anything on his fly but the trout, his experience had been limited to northern rock waters and probably limited too as to occasions.

The fly on wooden shores is like to fasten in the back cast to an inaccessible limb and, as evidence the occurrence is common enough, there is a patent knife on sale to be attached to the rod, to release the tackle; from a canoe in like waters he is lucky who never fastens to a cat tail or ledge far behind him. A friend walking along a retaining wall trying for a bass at dusk heard a yelp behind him as he retrieved, and found he had caught a favorite setter in the nose. Birds and bats are occasionally attracted by small flies and taken, and may often be seen to start for the flying lure.

But the catches in front are occasionally as startling. The dogfish is a bottom feeder, yet an eight pounder has been taken in shallow water with a number six fly. Cat fish are bottom feeders as well, but a comrade enthusiastic enough to fish early and late, has taken not only cat fish, but eels upon number twelve flies.

Perhaps the strangest and most unlikely,—therefore

hardest to believe—is the statement that on more than one occasion the common river mussel has closed his shell upon an intruding fly and been brought to land.

Luckily the hooks are light and the feathers offer such resistance to the air that they never have momentum enough to sink the barb in the flesh and so one rarely heard of anglers being injured with the whipping bait. One occasion which is recalled was where a friend finding his hook caught on a reed in front gave an angry yank, and the line being short, the spring of the rod was sufficient to set the point of the hook in his own forehead. In his rattled haste to release it, he evidently pulled the hook the wrong way and buried the barb, which had to be cut out. In ten years fishing this is the only remembered experience of blood drawn with the fly.

A GOOD STORY.

This is an Angler's predicament said I. Walter Sharp:—

Every "Brother of the Angle" has, during his career, a few more or less startling experiences of which the world never hears, and which if written up, would furnish much interesting reading, not alone to the fraternity, but to the public at large. Usually the Angler is the hero of his story, but in the following incident he came out a very slow second, humiliated, bleeding, sore, and beaten.

My old Indian friend and fellow-camper, Machel,
4 and I were spending one of our annual outings in the Cascade Mountains of Oregon, on the headwaters of the wild and turbulent Clackamas River, where thousands of Salmon breed yearly, and where mountain

trout of several varieties fairly swarm; in a region fifty miles from a wagon road and where I never saw sight of other white men. In spite of the fact that the river was full of trout there were times when they would not rise, so we often wanted trout when we could not get them. Therefore fishing did not become monotonous, as we all know that the uncertainty is one of the greatest charms of the sport.

So it was on the occasion of which I am about to relate. The trout had not been rising through the day, and I spent several hours endeavoring to get trout enough for supper and the following breakfast. It was growing late in the afternoon, and the sun had disappeared behind a lofty spur of mountains. The "salmon flies" were beginning to feel the chill of the evening and were helplessly dipping down on the rapid surface of the water. This proved too much for the sly old trout and they began to rise. I had creeled a half dozen or so nice ones, and feeling comfortably about having secured the necessary "pro-vender" was taking chances on losing a good one which I had hooked, and who was making a very determined fight for liberty. The water in which I was standing was nearly waist deep and swift, while a few steps below was a very deep pool, and it was in the water that my fish was doing his acrobatic stunt, some twenty-five yards from where I stood. So suddenly that I was dazed for a moment, a great eagle swooped down like a flash and seized my captive just after he had made one of those beautiful breaks, so characteristic of his species. Seeming entirely unmindful of my presence, or the strain on the line, he settled upon a big rock which reared up out of the river. My efforts to pull the fish away from

him were unavailing against those great talons which held it. The bird was about to eat his supper at once, but was suddenly arrested, as, with a terrible scream, another eagle shot out of the sky and attempted to take it from him. The two birds immediately began to "mix things," and an awful battle was on. The breeze carried away myriads of downy feathers as they were torn from their roots; the air was rent with piercing screams; first one bird was down and then the other. I could feel the constant tugging at the line, but could not get it clear. The fight lasted several minutes, and then one of the huge birds suddenly left the rock, carrying the trout with it. The other rose to follow, but during the struggle the hook had fastened to one of its feet. Here was a novelty indeed. I would have willingly released him, but of course was entirely helpless in the matter. You may know that fishing lines were scarce in that particular locality, and I realized the danger of losing my best one. The strain on the line, as well as on my nerves, was something only to be realized by a like experience. The eagle's angry cries tore the air wide open. The rod bent and recovered as from time to time the pressure varied. The bird struggled in the air for some time and then settled back on the rock from which he had not at any time gotten away. I want to say here that a fish don't put up any kind of a fight at all as compared with a big eagle. This old fellow then tried to free himself from his I earnestly hoped he might do. If I pause at this point and consider the feelings of the man at the rod end of the line he will realize that the eagle was not the only fellow who was in a pickle. I did not want to break the line, nor could I reach far

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shore without doing so, for the river was wide and the line not long enough to permit it. As I stood braced against the current on that treacherous bottom, with its glass-smoothed ~~red~~ bowlders, considering the situation, my bird once again rose into the air. It struggled a few moments, and then seeming to realize that I was responsible for its plight, with a terrorizing screech it darted straight at me. I realized it meant to attack, and tried to dodge the blow, and in doing so lost my footing and fell, but not in time to escape the claw which reached for me. It caught my flannel shirt at the shoulder, cutting the flesh badly. I had lost my hold on the rod, and the current had carried us into deep water. I tried to sink, but old eagle would not have it so, and savagely pecked at my head, scoring blood at every blow. I succeeded in getting hold of its neck once, but those awful claws of its "off" foot embedded themselves into my hand so that I gladly let go. There was no telling how this strange battle would have ended had not Machel, hearing the unusual racket, come to the rescue. He seized a stick and waded out on the lower riffle, toward which we were rapidly drifting, and as he approached the bird saw him and flew off as suddenly as he had attacked, much to my relief. He settled on a limb overhanging the water and surveyed the scene. He then began pecking at his foot, and then soared away. The line had wrapped a branch and he had torn the hook free. The rod, reel and line were recovered intact, except the leader, which still hangs from the branch. My creel was firmly strapped to me, so that I lost neither it nor the contents. Machel the "Good Samaritan" bathed my wounds, which soon healed, but he was not over-

generous in his banterings, and has many times since laughingly prodded me in his good-natured way about having saved me from the eagle."

STIPES' DOG.

There lived in the ancient and historical town of Harpers Ferry a Mr. Stipes, who caught more fish and knew more men who could and who could not fish than any other boatman in the country. Mr. Stipes related to the writer an incident which he vouched for as correct, but be that as it may, it is interesting. He said that he owned a very nice little water dog, and on one occasion while trying his luck in the Shenandoah, it occurred to him that a dog might be made to fish. Fastening a short line, with sinker and bait, to the dog's tail, he baited the hook, tossed a stick into the middle of the stream, and the dog true to his nature, swam out for the floating stick. It was then a large fish grabbed the bait which was floating suspended from the dog's appendage, and the animal successfully swam shore and landed a two pound bass. The dog, he said, was drowned afterwards while making a similar experiment.

THERE WAS NO HOLE.

My son began to doubt the value of fish stories as they grew more doubtful, but his confidence was most forcibly shaken after a friend had related the incidents attending the catching of a tarpon in Florida, which he said weighed 256 pounds. "Yes," said the relater, "All of my many listeners on the hotel plaza scouted the truth of my statement on the day of the catch, and strange to say would have no faith in me whatever, when I invited them down

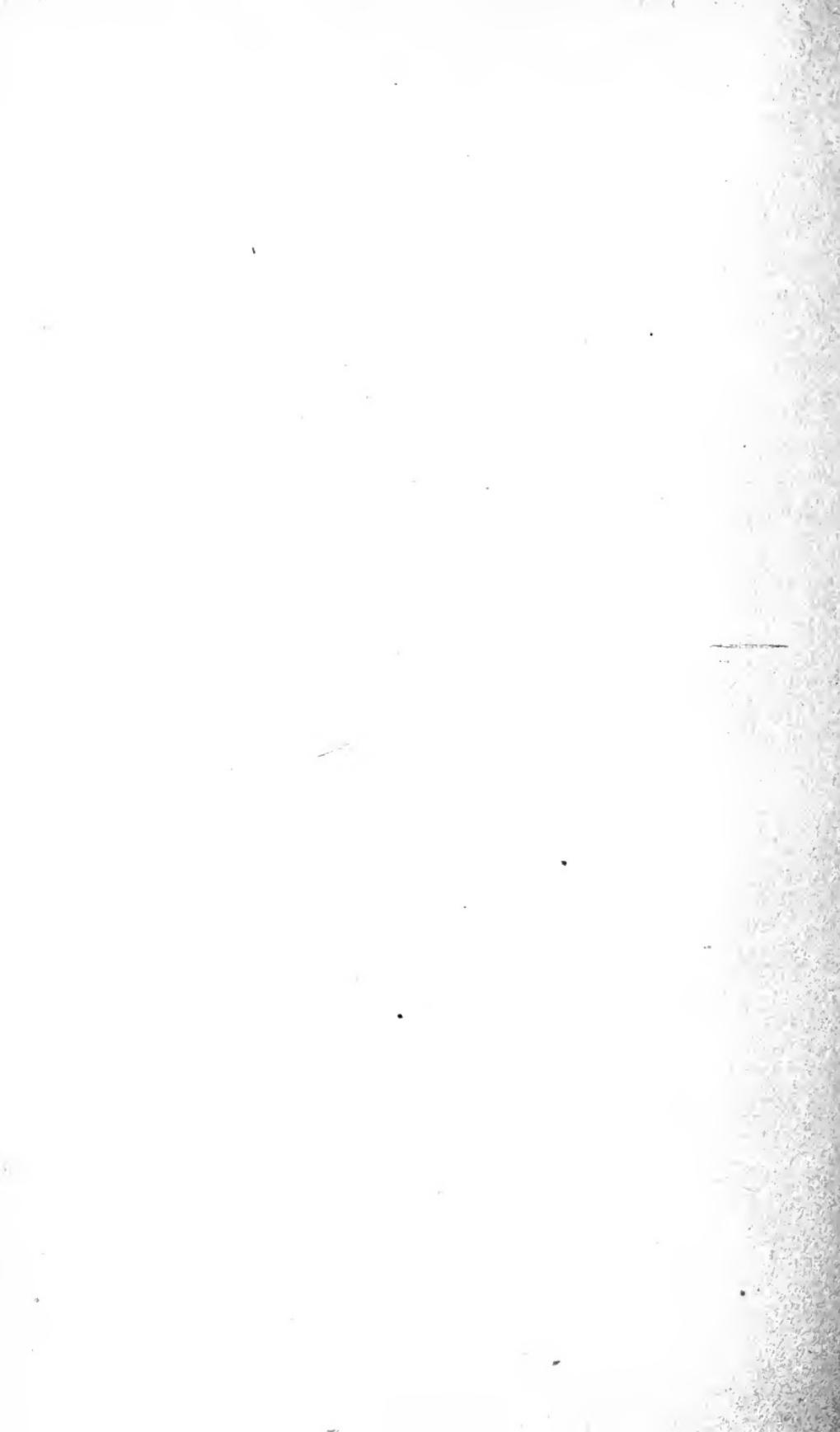
to the river to see the large hole that was left in the water by the monster fish after I had pulled him out."

IT IS TRUE.

Whenever the waters that contribute the fish life exist there may also be found colonies of fishermen who delight in displaying their accomplishments. The individuals who comprise them take pride in contesting for honors by displaying their skill with rod and reel and what they accomplish is always accepted without much discussion; the fellow who is defeated finding satisfaction in knowing that another opportunity will offer to undo his rival. There is of record, a feat performed by that earnest disciple Walter S. Harban of Washington; which will long stand as a leading accomplishment and it cannot be fully disputed because the well known guide John Leipold was an unexpected witness to the remarkable exploit. The Doctor was casting for small-mouth black bass with that beauty and touch which characterizes his work, when he hooked on he supposed a tremendous fish. Allowing ample play for security and sport, reeling slowly and playing first to right and then to left, he finally brought to mouth of the landing net not one, but two good sized fish, one of which was hooked to the two naught sproat hook and the other to the swivel hook from which his leader was suspended. This was an occasion when the experienced bass artist doubted at once the wonderful luck that had come to him. It was nevertheless a fact and has afforded all his ~~fearers~~ to whom he relates the fact of genuine interest. While doubt is for a moment in evidence on the part of the listening ones, the dignified force with which the affair is always related dispels all doubt as to the genuineness of the catch.



Been A Fisherman All My Life—Loeb.



THE LITTLE BROWN BULL.

The magnificent dining hall of the Blue Ridge Club, wherein song and story have entertained some of the most distinguished Americans, including Joseph Cannon, of Illinois, Nathan B. Scott of West Virginia, the members of the celebrated Gridiron Club and others, has hanging on its walls pictures and specimens from the waters, fields and woods, numbering among them, a rich and attractive deer hide, in which is penciled in superb large lettering, the following lines, as musically and frequently rendered by the owner, the late Col. Daniel Ransdell:

Oh the little brown bull
Came down from the mountains,
Shang, rango, whango, whey,
And as he was feeling salutations,
Chased old Pratt a mile by gracious,
Licked old shep and two dog Towsers,
Then marched back home with Old
Pratt's Trouser,
Whango, Whey.





We Are Wardens at the Club.



LEST WE FORGET.

My son, you have been an attentive listener and become a skilled practitioner in the art of bass fishing. You have no doubt observed that it is not necessary to belong to a fishing club in order to be a successful fisherman, and, it is true that all members of fishing clubs do not fish. Some of them do not care, others are short in patience, many don't know how, and fishing clubs possess other winning attractions which too often spoil the making of a rod and reel expert.

The sportsman out and out makes a hammock in the forest or the near-by shore his bed, and the blue sky his covering. He cooks by the camp fire and washes his own utensils. Enthusiasts of this school are not so numerous in these days as formerly, but Vandergrift, who has duck hunted all the fields of Ohio and, who visits many game and fish sections with regularity, enjoys high rank in this class. With the gunning season closed, the St. Lawrence River and Canadian Lakes open up to him glorious opportunities for fishing, his captures ranging from black bass to musca. Mr. S. H. Vandergrift, who has his home in Washington, goes beyond indulgence with gun and rod for pleasure, adding to it by seriously and energetically doing those commendable things which make for the protection of game and fish in season.

There is another prominent man in the world's affairs, William Loeb, Jr., who was private Secretary to President Roosevelt and who would not serve in the same capacity after his chief quit the White House. "Billy" Loeb as he was called in early New York state days, used to fish in the big lakes, with over a hundred feet of line and dragging a pound sinker around on the bottom. These boyhood experiences

he did not forget nor did the habit quit him, for, he has whipped all the fine streams of Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and Minnesota. Two trout at a time was a continued occurrence, but when he hooked a two pound lake trout in the side while out on a lake in Minnesota, which required two hours drudgery on the part of himself and boatsman to bring in and discover, he said, he learned a great deal about the weight of fish fooling people at times.

Howard Brooks a capital newspaper youth who can write fish stories better than he can tell them and who can excel in cooking and eating fish, persists in using a sixty foot hand line in catching Potomac perch. He does not believe in new methods nor artificial bait, but, my son you must not expect every fisherman to take your advice, because there are many of them who would rather give it, and, John C. Walker, said, "yes sir, and they always want to tell you how to catch the fish when you're got him on the hook and the advice scares him off, and for that reason, while I've caught bass, blue fish, cat fish and other species, I don't take much interest in fishing!"

My friend Albert S. Muhlhausen of the DuPont Powder Company, in Delaware, is a member of the George Washington Bass Fishing Club in Wilmington, and, will not tell his associates any of the hundred of piscatorial anecdotes he has treasured, because as he puts it, "I cannot tell a lie," but he did say:

"I have six dogs and six cats,
All I could wish,
And every last one of them,
I've taught how to fish."

"You probably won't believe me," began Muhlhausen when he was interrupted by a sepulchral voice, "You've SAID something!"

"It's a fact just the same, and if the eight black bass were alive I could prove it by exhibiting them. It was this way, I was spending the summer up in New York State,—"

"What place?" came the interruption.

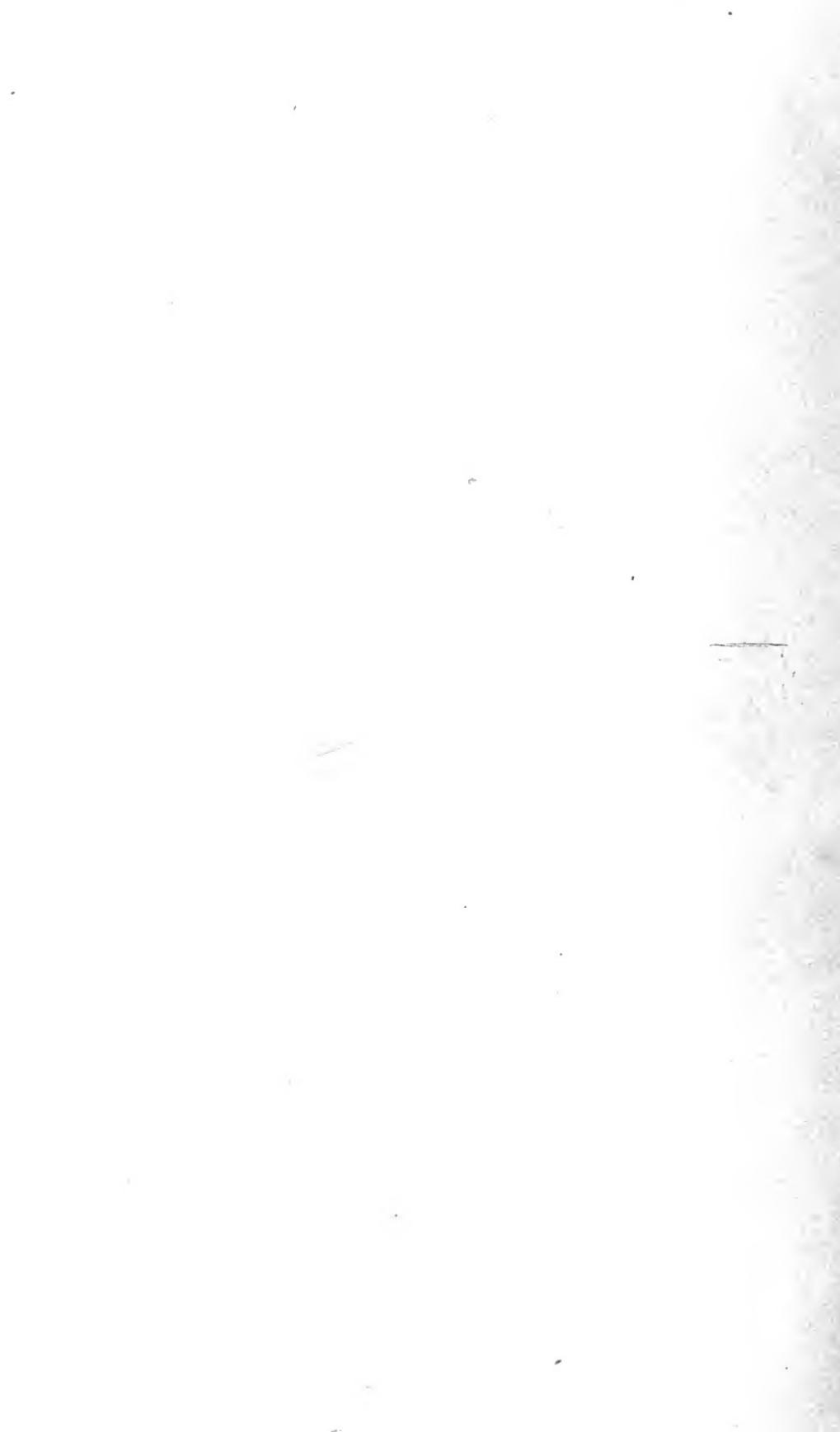
"Never mind the place, it isn't on the map. You have to go in by stage and I forget the name anyway. It's a queer Indian name, all full of g's and c's. You couldn't pronounce it if I spelled it for you. Well, anyway, I took a small cottage up on the top of a hill opposite a big estate where an ugly cuss lived who had a lake on his place, and this lake was full of black bass, but this chap was so blamed selfish he wouldn't let anybody fish there but just himself. Queer how selfish some people are."

"Well, I decided I was going to get some of those bass. It took me a long time to figure it out, but I finally did it. This lake was in a little valley just at the foot of the hill opposite my front porch, maybe about half a mile away. I went to work and in two days I had made one of those Blue Hill box kites such as Arthur Rotch used to fly when he was making tests of air currents up at Blue Hill Massachusetts. Rotch is dead now or I'd ask him to tell you the shape of the kite. Anyway, I built the kite, and underneath it I rigged a little pulley and ran through this pulley another string, separate from the one controlling the kite. On the end of it I fastened a bass hook with a sinker heavy enough to pull the string down to the water. Would you believe me,—"





Norment and a Group of Fisherman.



"We would NOT!" shouted a man in the back of the room.

"Jealous," said Muhlhausen.

"Would you believe me, I baited that hook with a minnow,"

"Whereja get the minnow?" came the interruption.

"Out of a pail," said Muhlhausen. Then he continued, "I sat on the front porch and flew that kite out over the lake, let go the string and dropped the minnow right over in the middle of the lake. I bet you the bass that jumped for the bait went up in the air nearly twenty feet and grabbed the minnow, hook and all. I hauled in the kite and that bass with it, and he weighed six pounds. He was THAT long. I flew the kite out six times and each time I brought in a bass. I figured I had about enough for a good mess, for each fish weighed from four to eight pounds. I tried again, and that time I had a bass that must have weighed between *ten and eleven pounds*, but by this time the ugly cuss who owned the lake saw what I was doing. He came out with a rifle, and just as I got the bass up over his pasture he shot and cut the string which carried the bass. It fell on dry land and he went over and picked it up. He swung it around and put his thumb up to his nose and wiggled his fingers at me. It's a pretty blamed mean man that will steal a chap's fish that way isn't it?"

"How much did that last bass weigh?" said the interrupter.

"Somewhere between *eighteen and twenty pounds*," said Muhlhausen.

"How large was the box kite?" some one asked.

"I don't remember," said Muhlhausen.

“Well, you’ve got a polka dot memory all right” was the rejoinder.

“How’s that?” said Muhlhausen.

“Good in spots” was the answer.

John F. Storm of St. Louis is Secretary of the famous Jim Lewis Fishing and Sporting Club, an organization of National repute, that holds an annual meeting at Petoskey, where Judges, Doctors, Lawyers, Bankers, Senators and Representatives and plain every day gentlemen gather to fish, dine and sing. The author is grateful to the Secretary for attention given by the *Globe-Democrat* at his suggestion and as follows:

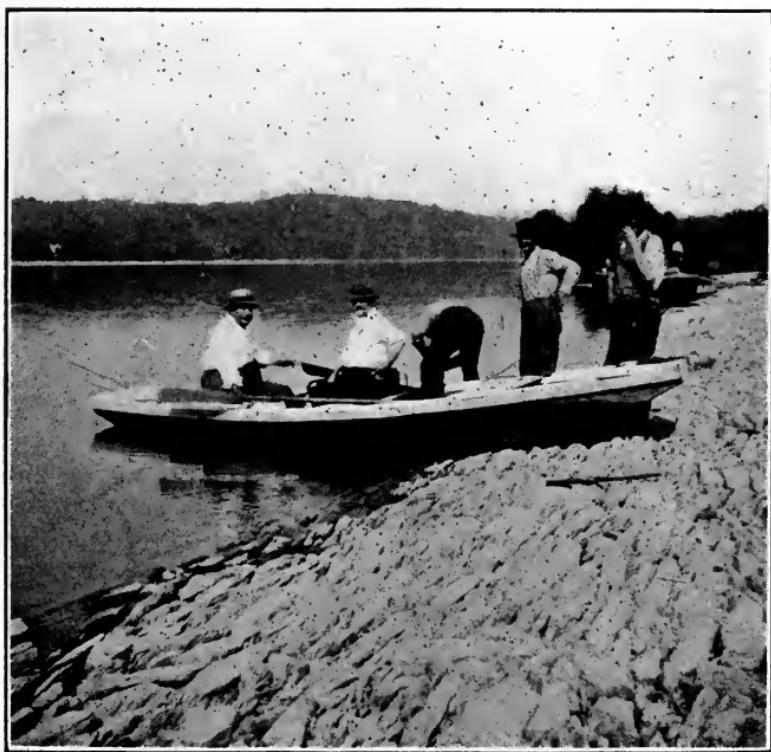
Sylvester's New Poem on Jim Lewis Club.

Maj. Richard Sylvester, of Washington, D. C., who years ago was a St. Louis newspaper man, has burst into song again. It was Sylvester, by the way, who composed the famous fish poem, “De Clickin’ of the Reel,” and it is fishing that has inspired his muse this time. The latest product of his divine afflatus is entitled “Storm at Petoskey,” and is dedicated to the Jim Lewis Fishing and Sporting Club of which Maj. Sylvester is official punster. Here it is:

Hear that storm you know so well!
It scatters like the shot and shell!
It blows around here every year,
And brings the gathering luck and cheer.
It blows the hookworm on the line,
And makes one’s eyeballs brightly shine.
When it comes the reel must run:
Then the bass has lots of fun.
Look to the left, then to the right,

Now it's up, then out of sight.
Dips that net beneath the wave,
That mighty fish you've got to save.
For the Lewis Club has come once more,
Camping on Petoskey's shore.
That's the story you often read,
Now the storm has gone away,
To come again some other day.
Nothing but the truth it tells,
As the membership it swells,
Again the fish are fancy free,
Alone in glory, as they ought to be.





Bready of the Dam.



The Blue Ridge Rod and Gun Club.

This organization was incorporated under the laws of Virginia and its attractiveness is shown in some of the illustrations, my son, but there are some features that the camera did not get. Located in a prohibition state, springs from the high capped Blue Ridge Mountains, quench the thirsty—while the Potomac washes the mountain base.

The distinguished membership limited to fifty stalwart Isaac Waltons or Daniel Boones, is given in these closing pages—and—the names of those who are expert with rod and gun, are marked with an asterisk.

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| *Mr. Milton E. Ailes | *Mr. Phelan C. Hawn |
| *Dr. George N. Acker | *Dr. Walter S. Harban |
| *Mr. Alexander Britton | *Mr. Frank J. Hogan |
| *Mr. Conrad Becker | *Mr. Philander Johnson |
| *Mr. Evans Browne | *Mr. William C. Johnson |
| *Mr. Charles E. Berry | *Mr. Rudolph Kauffmann |
| *Mr. John H. Clapp | *Mr. Victor Kaupffmann |
| *Mr. John M. Culp | *Mr. Charles Linkins |
| *Mr. Joseph Cranford | *Dr. T. N. McLaughlin |
| *Mr. Henry D. Crampton | *Mr. James D. Maher |
| *Mr. G. Thomas Dunlop | *Mr. H. C. McKenney |
| *Mr. J. Maury Dove | *Mr. E. S. Marlow |
| *Mr. Daniel Fraser | *Mr. William H. Moses |
| *Mr. Thomas M. Gale | *Mr. Harry C. Moses |
| *Mr. Herbert A. Gill | *Mr. Benjamin S. Minor |
| *Mr. Frank C. Henry | *Mr. William A. Mearns |
| *Mr. James F. Hood | *Mr. Clarence F. Norment |
| *Mr. Charles E. Hood | *Mr. Harry Norment |
| *Mr. William F. Ham | *Mr. Wm. R. Stansbury |
| *Mr. James H. Hayden | *Mr. J. Henry Small |

*Col. Richard D. Simms *Mr. Irving Williamson
*Mr. Ewd. J. Stellwagen *Mr. Charles P. Williams
*Mr. Charles A. Safer *Mr. Allan E. Walker
*Mr. Theobald J. Talty *Mr. Henry L. West
*Mr. Benjamin Woodruff *Mr. E. J. Walsh

'A DREAMIN'.

I jes' set here a dreamin'—
 A-dreamin' every day,
Of the sunshine that's a-gleamin'—
 On the rivers—fur away.

An' I kinder fall to wishin'
 I was where the waters swish;
Fer if the Lord made fishin',
 Why—a feller ought to fish!

While I'm studyin', or a-writin',
 In the dusty, rusty town,
I kin feel the fish a-bitin'—
 See the cork a-goin down!

An' the sunshine seems a-tanglin'
 Of the shadows cool an' sweet;
With the honeysuckles danglin',
 An' the lilies at my feet.

So I nod, an' fall to wishin'
 I was where the waters swish;
Fer if the Lord made fishin',
 Why—a feller orter fish!

—Frank L. Stanton.

A CONTRIBUTION.

In the year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred, a lover of Sir Izaak Walton, joined the Blue Ridge Rod and Gun Club. He had heard so much of one Walter Harban, of his wonderful bass fishing, and of his wonderful catches, and how, when he got out of bait, he would send his dog into the river to catch bass, he determined to become a regular fisherman and purchased a complete outfit, engaged a boat and boatman, and started out. Having heard so much about these wonderful, wily fish; how strong and sporty they were he thought it advisable to get a rather strong rod and line. The day was fine, water perfect, bait good, and he had a competent and experienced boatman, by the name of one Riley, "one of the finest fisherman that ever came down the pike." Mr. Riley could not tell our subject anything about fishing. Phelan put on a "mad-tom", and also a rather "hefty" sinker, (only about four ounces of best lead), and then began to cast. Things didn't run very smoothly at first; line would "back-lash"; couldn't get bait out far enough, but by perseverance and after a "good pull" at some of the finest Braddock Spring Water, he got up nerve and started again. The rest of the story as told by Phelan was as follows: I noticed my friend, Mr. Riley, was getting nervous and would duck and dodge every time I made a cast. It looked to me like he would prefer taking a swim, but nothing daunted me, so I got ready and gathered all my strength gave one mighty swing (with both hands) and I want to tell you, *that certainly was some cast*, for our friend, Mr. Riley, not being a good dodger or prize-fighter, missed dodging that "hefty"





Bear, Deer, Turkey and Bass.



four ounce sinker. I soaked Mr. Riley with that sinker right in the forehead; between his two "headlights" and he certainly was some submarine expert (don't know which nationality) for he came up right under my boat, amid-ship and I performed a most beautiful "loop the loop", but the most wonderful and marvelous thing happened; when that hefty sinker hit Mr. Riley it was severed from my line, recochotted and hit a man on the canal at Sandy Hook (clear across the river), whom I am told thought a meteor had fallen from Heaven, but the mad-tom remained upon my line and landing in a beautiful eddy or pool, my reel began to sing and with one strong pull, I jerked out of the river the most beautiful five and one-half pound "small mouth" black bass you ever saw. *I certainly did jerk that bass.* I landed him up in a sycamore tree, dangling on my line about thirty (30) feet up in the air, so being a "dead shot" from Tennessee, I took out my revolver and cut the line first crack. Mr. Riley seemed to be so highly amused (I don't know about what) that he fell over-board again and very nearly drowned. He said, "You certainly are some fisherman, but if you don't mind, I'd just as soon as you'd keep off that there sinker, not that the like's o' me would presume to give a sportsman like you any advice about fishing, but these here fish up here in these here waters don't like no lead." "Guess they have been shot at so much they aint got over the war yet." So I put on a fresh mad-tom, left off the sinker, and by avoiding a back-lash every other cast, I had one of the best days sport of my life. "On my honor as a fisherman", I caught that day, sixty-five bass, the smallest weighing three and one-half pounds. Of

course, I don't mean to brag; never bragged in my life, but they do say all over the world that Colonel Hawn of Tennessee, is one of the finest.

Here's hoping I'll soon meet you and some of the boys at our beautiful club; have an interview with "Col. Braddock", embellished with some of Old Virginia's finest grass, and gather around the "Round Table", where I will tell you of some of my really wonderful experiences and adventures on my personally conducted tours on the tributaries of the Potomac.

Mr. Rudolph Kauffmann being jealous of my reputation as a fisherman and wishing to get in "my class" was permitted to accompany me on a little fishing trip on the South Branch. He can tell you all about it. What I did to the fish and Mr. Kauffmann "was a plenty." Rudolph says, "He never will forget it; is was marvelous." Modesty keeps me from writing more.

FISHIN' FEVER.

There is one disease which cannot be cured by inoculation and that is "Fishing Fever." My piscatorial friend R. R. M. Carpenter, distinguished as the Director of the Development Department of the Du Pont de Mours Powder Company has not introduced his product to the catching of bass and trout, but abandons the trade to partake of exceptional opportunities at week ends, to capture "prize winners." He is an apt scholar and sings:

"I don't go often, but when I do,
I catch the big ones,
I would go often, if I knew,
I'd always get the big ones."

No one of the Blue Ridge Club people has done more to advance the interests of that organization than J. Maury Dove, many years the President. He didn't do it by fishin', but by keeping house and having things right when the boys came in from a days outing on the river.





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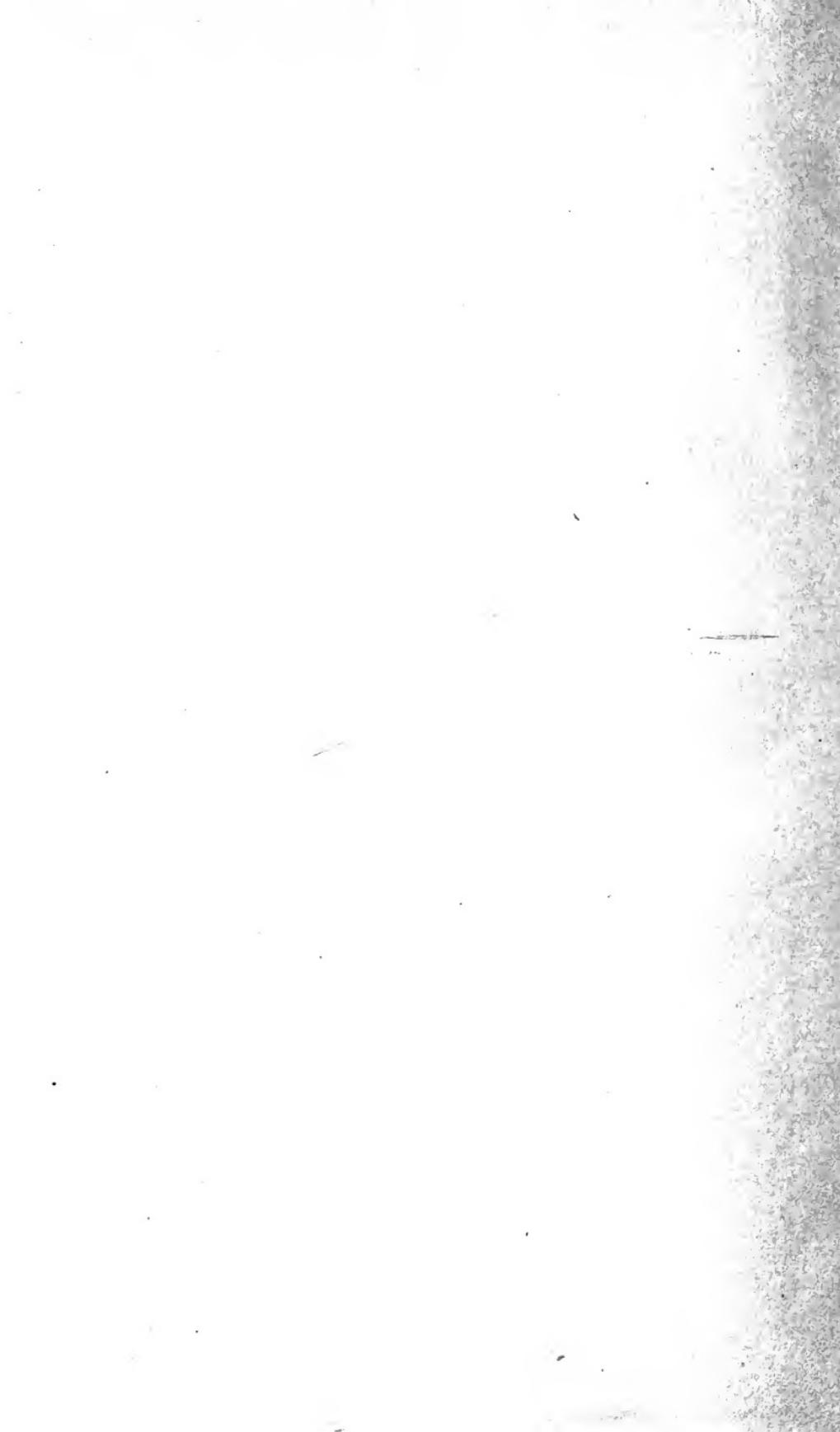
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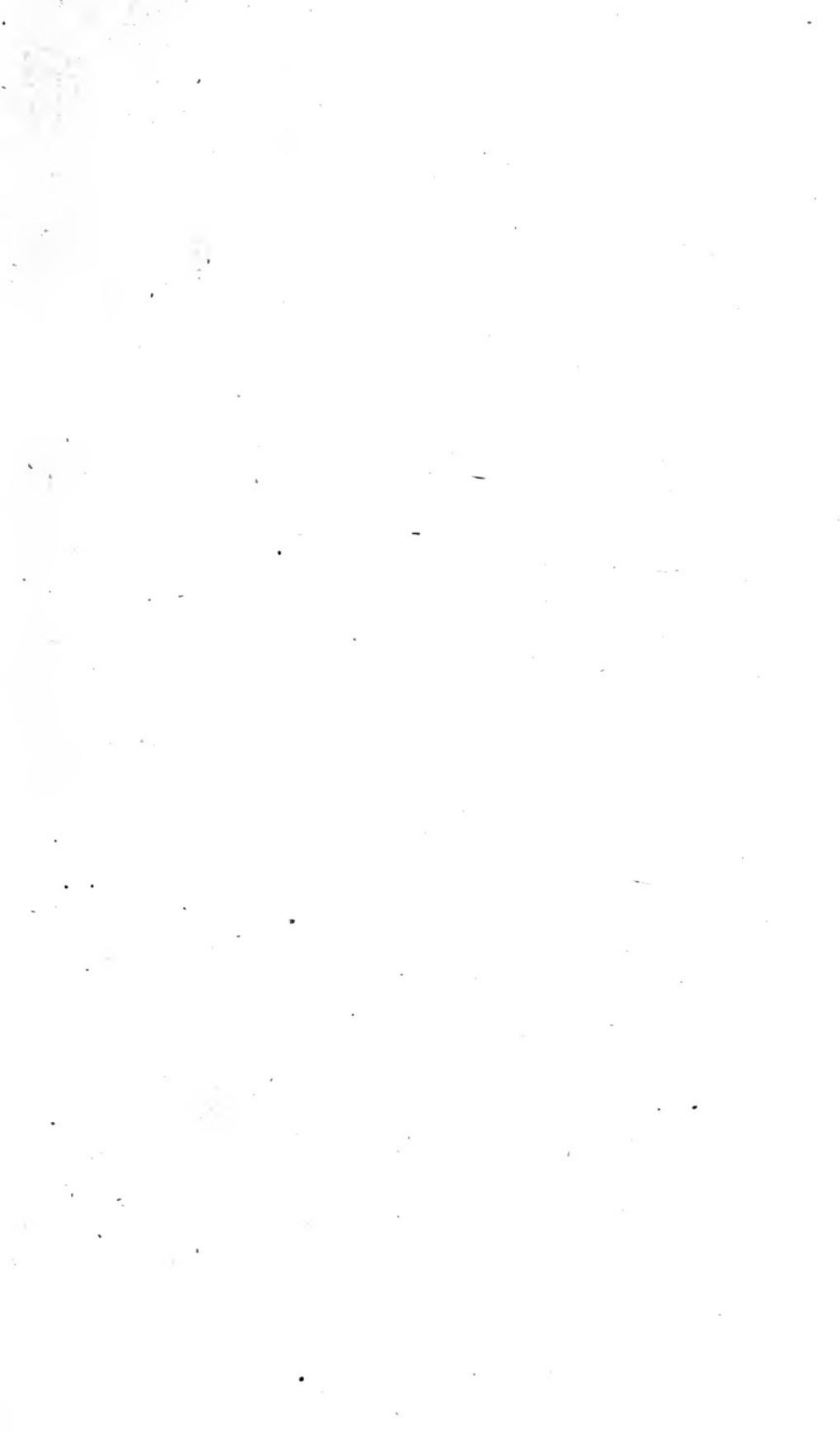
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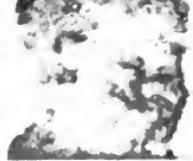
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MAY BE HAD FROM
ALL PRINCIPAL
DEALERS











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